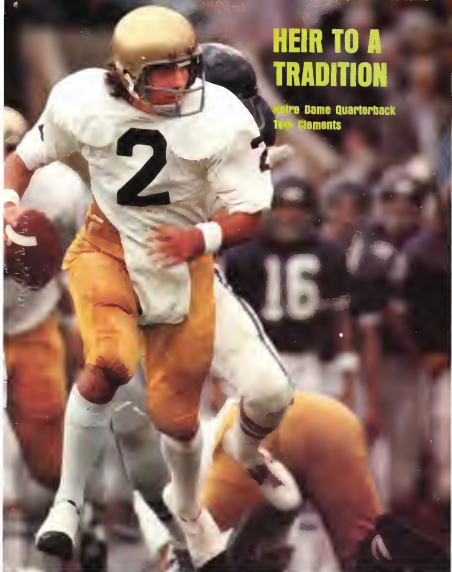


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 30, 1974 75 CENTS

HEIR TO A TRADITION

Notre Dame Quarterback
Tebb Clements





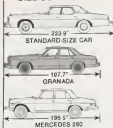
*Granada 47 km Sedan shown with optional front side air bags. *EPA-estimated 14-18 city/18-26 highway mpg.*

Introducing a new car
designed to give you
efficient use of
space, fuel and money.

Ford Granada

\$3756*...4-Door/\$3698*...2-Door
14-18[†] mpg: city
18-26[†] mpg: highway

SIZE COMPARISON



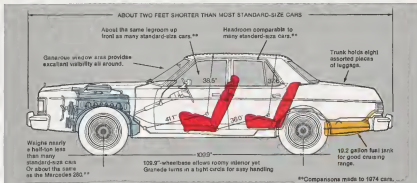
The design:

Ford Granada is designed to help you deal with today's driving problems: Inflated prices. Increased fuel costs. Crowded roads. It is a functional car. Yet elegant in its design and interior comforts.

Granada is about two feet shorter and half a ton lighter than most standard-size cars. So you can expect excellent gas mileage. Yet Granada's shape provides family-size room and comfort. And it's built solid, with a tight, secure road feel. (It's actually

about the same size and weight as the Mercedes-Benz 280.)

The Granada design (shown below) makes a generous use of glass for good visibility all around. Granada's high roofline provides excellent front and rear headroom. The squared-off tail holds a roomy trunk—large enough for eight assorted pieces of luggage. Door openings are built wide for easy front and rear seat entry. In short, Granada is designed to be an efficient car for today's driving conditions.



The economics:

A luxurious car these days should earn its keep. Granada does. Its trim design helps reduce needless weight and excessive fuel consumption.

It comes with gas-saving steel-belted radial ply tires that give you excellent tread wear. Chassis lubes are scheduled just once every 30,000 miles. It has a solid-state ignition system for less scheduled maintenance than former systems. Granada is built to keep your cost of ownership low.

The basic Granada 200 CID engine is economical and easy to maintain. Along with the optional 250 CID Six (required in Calif.) and V-8's (302 and 351 CID) it is precisely balanced to resist vibrations that can cause engine wear.

*FORD GRANADA—HOW MUCH?

Granada 4-Door Sedan (Pictured on opposite page)	\$2758
Manufacturer's suggested retail price includes as standard equipment: A 200 CID Six (Optional 250 CID required in Calif.) 3-speed manual transmission. Front disc brakes. Solid-state ignition. Steel-belted radial tires. Bright chrome accent moldings. Wheel covers. Individual reclining contoured seats. Deep cut-pleat creasing. Barbed woodgrain instrument panel applique. Model pictured also has optional white sidewall tires (SS3). Body-side accent molding (SS4). Chrome bumper group (SS5).	
Granada 3-Door Sedan: Includes all standard equipment listed above plus opera windows.	\$2696
Granada 4-Door Sedan—equipped with typical options:	\$3299
Includes standard equipment listed above plus 302 CID V-6. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission. Vinyl roof. Power front disc brakes. Body-side accent molding. AM radio. White sidewall tires. Deluxe seat belts.	
Granada Gls 4-Door Sedan with typical options including air conditioning:	\$3242
Includes standard equipment listed above plus Gls standard features like vinyl roof. Vinyl body-side molding and gate stripes. White sidewall tires. Deluxe interior featuring super soft vinyl reclining seats with "floating pillow" design. Quartz crystal digital clock. 28 or cut-pleat creasing. Deluxe door handle. Luxury steering wheel. Deluxe wheel covers. Carpeted interior. Remote control mirror. and more.	
And the following options: 302 CID V-6. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission. Power steering. Power front disc brakes. AM radio. Air conditioning and tinted glass.	
Prices are m.p.s. suggested retail. Destination charge, dealer prep, if any, state and local taxes are extra.	

1 MILES PER GALLON: 14-18 mpg: city, 18-26 mpg: highway.

Based on results of tests conducted by the U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency using a dynamometer to simulate city and highway driving conditions, on the type of car equipped with a 250-cc engine and frequently purchased options. Your gas mileage will depend on the type of driving and driving habits, maintenance, road and weather conditions and how your car is equipped. For example, a larger engine or power-assisted options like air conditioning (in constant use) or power steering can reduce your gas mileage somewhat.

(Turn page for more news)



Ford Granada Ghia 2-door sedan gives you a remarkable economy, more and a wide door for easy entry. Shown with optional deluxe bumper group.

The comforts:

Granada offers a lot of pure driving pleasure. Both contoured front seats recline and adjust in more than one hundred positions for your individual comfort. (A feature you'll especially appreciate on long trips.)

The instrument panel, with its handsome burl woodtone, is recessed to add to front passenger comfort. Controls are positioned for convenient view and reach. The plush nylon cup-cup carpeting is molded for smooth-

ness and is stain resistant. Weatherseal around doors and windows helps cut wind noise. Granada's tuned suspension, tight body construction and sophisticated use of insulation result in a smooth, quiet ride.



Granada Ghia. Ric's look, spacious feel, full-scale comfort.



Ford's lowest-priced 2-door Granada comes with opera window, standard. Shown with optional body-side accent molding, WSW tires and deluxe bumper group.



Digital clock - Standard on Granada Ghia.



Control panel is elegant, easy to read.



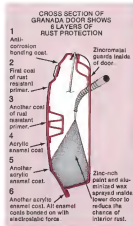
Ghia ton has four cup-holders, seat straps.

The construction:

Granada is put together to stay together. To help assure its basic structural strength, sophisticated machines hold body parts in tight alignment as they are welded into a solid unit. Granada's entire body

structure is precisely designed to minimize road vibration. Brake discs and drums are statically balanced to help reduce wear and strain on critical parts. And to help protect Granada against rust and corrosion,

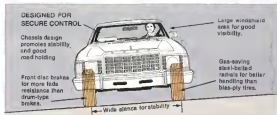
its body is covered with thirteen pounds of primer and chip-resistant baked enamel. The electrostatic painting process used by Ford helps give every Granada a lustrous and durable finish.



Front seats adjust in more than 100 positions for your individual comfort.



Mixed corner of window frame on 4-door shows precise fit of Granada metal work.



The closer you look, the better we look.

Ford Granada was designed to achieve a new level of efficiency for the American car...to combine sound

economics with comfort, elegance and precision. It looks good on paper. Now we'd like you to visit your local

Ford Dealer To see, drive and experience Granada for yourself. The closer you look, the better we look.

Granada Ghia 4-door sedan displays a timeless elegance. Shown with optional deluxe bumper group.



Newport

Alive with pleasure!



*After all, if smoking isn't
a pleasure, why bother?*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 21 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74.



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Next week

BASEBALL PLAYOFFS approach with the West leaders more powerful on paper than their Eastern counterparts. A report by the staff pinpoints the strengths and weaknesses

A.D. MEETS T.D. in a battle of regal running backs with similar styles—speedy, flashy and incredibly elusive—as USC and Anthony Davis go against Pitt and Tony Dorsett.

COWARDLY BULLS make life mean—and death possible—for journeyman matadors working in the rode plazas along the Mexican border. An article by Giles Tippetts.

These days you've got enough things to worry about on a business trip.

Your rent-a-car shouldn't be one of them. That's why effective September 1st...



Hertz intro standards in the rent-a-car clean and reliable car. Fast



1 Greeting
the customer
(Monday)



2 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



3 Handing back
the car
(Monday)



4 Customer
entering
information
(Monday)



5 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



6 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



10 Information
on car rental
(Monday)



11 Customer
shuttle
schedules
(Monday)



12 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



13 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



14 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



15 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



19 Information
on car rental
(Monday)



20 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



21 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



22 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



23 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



24 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



28 Information
on car rental
(Monday)



29 Responding
to customer
inquiries
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30 Responding
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31 Responding
to customer
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32 Responding
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33 Responding
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37 Information
on car rental
(Monday)



38 Responding
to customer
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39 Responding
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40 Responding
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41 Responding
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42 Responding
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46 Information
on car rental
(Monday)



47 Responding
to customer
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(Monday)



48 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



49 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



50 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)



51 Responding
to customer
inquiries
(Monday)

duced 54 of the toughest new industry. So you can expect a Every time you rent.



Terrific! Another all-expense-paid business trip. You can start counting the worries now.

Did your secretary check out those last minute figures?

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Now, what makes us different:

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ing your education. The Marine Corps will help you go as far as your brains will take you. You can shoot for knowledge in a special field, a diploma, a college degree, even scholarships and tuition help. But first...you have to make the team.

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THESE MEN



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Win Elliot, Jim Kelly, Phil Rizzuto, Pat Summerall and Ron Swaboda are five of the most expert, most informed sports reporters in anybody's league.

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You hear them all on the CBS Radio Network every week. First, Elliot and Kelly with "Sports World Roundup," Monday-Saturday mornings. Later, Phil Rizzuto on Sports, followed by Summerall and Swaboda with "Worldwide Sports" weekday evenings. And we cap things off with Elliot's "Sports Central, USA" ten times each weekend.

But this is only the regular schedule.

All year long, we bring you play-by-play highlights direct from the "big ticket" attractions. In 1974, for example, the Cotton Bowl, Masters Golf, Triple Crown, U.S. Open Tennis, the NFC Championship, the Super Bowl and other major sports events.

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BOOKTALK

A former second baseman takes a kindly look at an assortment of Good Old Boys

Few people know the South as well as Paul Hemphill, and even fewer have written about it with such understanding and style. Hemphill, who cut his journalistic eye-teeth as a sportswriter on several Deep South newspapers, now works as a free-lance writer, with the entire region as his territory. How well he covers it is revealed in *The Good Old Boys* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.95), a collection of magazine and newspaper pieces he has written over the past five years.

The range of Hemphill's interests is wide—these pieces cover everything from sports to politics to personal reminiscence to evangelism—but there is one persistent theme: "... As the South finally joins the Union ... little of what was distinctive and good has been retained." A familiar theme in contemporary Southern literature, to be sure, but Hemphill brings a fresh perspective to it, a perspective in large measure shaped by a lifetime's preoccupation with sports.

In one of his finest pieces, "I Gotta Let the Kid Go" (originally published in *Lit*), Hemphill pays a return visit to Graceville, Fla., where in the spring of 1954 he made a painfully unsuccessful effort to catch on as a second baseman with the Class D Graceville Oilers. Poignantly but without sentimentality, Hemphill recalls a not-so-distant day when every small Southern town had its baseball team, when a Southern boy could wrap himself in a dream of glory on the diamond.

The dream was shattered: "For the first time in my life I had to consider something besides baseball." But Hemphill learned from the experience. He became a skillful journalist, and his own disappointment gave him a special empathy with those who have fallen along the waysides of sport.

Thus, he writes here about Bob Saffridge, the child of an impoverished mountain family who became an All-Time All-America guard from the University of Tennessee and who, when Hemphill found him at the age of 55, had declined into obscurity and alcoholism. He writes about the baseball bonus babies of the '50s, and talks about their failure to realize the high promise that publicists held out for them. And he writes about Jabe Thomas, a tough and eccentric Virginian who "ain't never had nothin' to speak of," a stock-car driver with no great prospects of wealth who stays in racing for the simple reason that he loves it.

There is much more to Hemphill's South than sports: *The Good Old Boys* includes fine profiles of Merle Haggard, Lester Maddox and Kris Kristofferson, and a particularly lovely tribute to Hemphill's truck-driver father. As the Good Old Boys fade out, they could not ask for a more knowing and affectionate chronicler than Paul Hemphill.

—JONATHAN YARDELEY



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with the
wolf**

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We tried it and it's true!

Read one of your ads last week. So we tried some Ten High, the bourbon which you call "Straight and True." The price was easy to like, and so was the bourbon.

You guys tell the truth!

*Bill & Pat Willert
St. Louis, Mo.*



A man and a woman are smiling and holding glasses of Ten High bourbon. The man is wearing a grey button-down shirt and the woman is wearing a yellow tank top. They are both holding glasses filled with the amber-colored liquid. The woman is also holding a bottle of Ten High bourbon in her left hand.

TEN HIGH
Bourbon Straight and True



A bottle of Ten High bourbon is shown in the bottom right corner. The label features the brand name 'TEN HIGH' in large, bold letters, with 'STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY' written below it. The bottle is dark glass with a white label and a black cap.

SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

GLOBALGLOBEBOOK

UNESCO and the International Council for Sport and Physical Education—which is mouthful enough—issued recently a working paper prepared jointly and entitled *Mass Media, Sport and International Understanding* that is all but unswallowable. The fear is, in this world of burgeoning bureaucracies and consensus thinking, it will not be seen as that.

The report is crammed with words like duty, responsibility and promotion. It is also crammed with blatant nonsense. For example, the press has "a responsibility for the future and for the safeguarding of sport"—which is not at all the responsibility of the press. Also, "It becomes . . . a duty for the media to give . . . information about all technical aspects of sport . . ." and "Mass media should make the social objectives of sport understandable to everybody regardless of the level of education. . ."

There is a lot more. One can visualize a reporter being barred from the press box because he had been weak on "the socialization of sport through the propagation of accepted values . . ." (the report's phrase), or persisted in using words of more than one syllable.

This is not as farfetched as it may seem. The one area where the organization committee for the Montreal Olympics will stint is in accommodations for the press. There were places for 4,000 or so newsmen at Munich. The number in Montreal will be 2,000, and some criteria will have to be set to winnow the acceptable from the unacceptable. Hopefully, the Montreal planners will arrive at sensible, valid standards and will give the UNESCO report the big brush-off. The report's writers, incidentally, invite suggestions. For starters, shred it.

PHOG

In a sense he and not Dr. James Naismith was the inventor of basketball. At the University of Kansas, while Naismith spent most of his time in a corner of Robinson Gymnasium teaching fencing and

wrestling and keeping tabs on the physical measurements of generations of college students, Dr. Forrest C. (Phog) Allen was exploring ways to develop the game into the national pastime he never doubted it would become.

"Forrest," Naismith had told his protégé earlier, "you don't coach basketball, you just play it." Phog Allen coached basketball as none had. When he retired after 46 years at the mandatory age of 70 in 1956, he was the winningest coach of all time with a record of 771-233. He was a sound fundamentalist, but an innovator and propagandist, too, who never let the game pass him by. He died last week at the age of 83. Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, his disciple who had played as a substitute for Allen at Kansas in the early '20s and, as a rival coach, eventually eclipsed his winning record, said it simplest at a funeral service in Lawrence: "He will go down in history as the greatest basketball coach of all time."

THEY'D RATHER BE REICH

Frank B. Fuhrer, president of the Pittsburgh Triangles, has been elected president of World Team Tennis. His predecessor? Jordan Kaiser.

DISTANCE RUNNER

Professional football now has its first eight-mile man. He is George Reed, the 34-year-old running back for the Saskatchewan Roughriders of the Canadian Football League (SI, Aug. 13, 1973). With 101 yards in a game against the Hamilton Tiger-Cats last week, his sixth over 100 in 11 games this season and the 54th of his 12-year career, he exceeded 14,100 yards in rushing.

Reed passed Jim Brown's career rushing mark, which fell eight yards short of seven miles, at the start of last season. Now he is within 56 yards of his 10th 1,000-yard season. Brown had seven. With five more 100-yard games Reed will top Brown's record of 58.

Running is not George Reed's only distinction. He is also the president of

the Canadian Football League Players Association. It struck and picketed the CFL this summer and won substantial concessions from team owners in a new contract. In marked contrast to the NFL's disparagement of its player union leaders—to date 11 player representatives or union officers and two alternate representatives from the 26 teams have left their teams—the CFL is boasting of Reed's accomplishments. He remains the most respected man in Canadian football.

MARLBORO COUNTRY

To finance construction of its new field house, the University of Nebraska received from the state \$6 on each package of cigarettes sold. There will be no smoking in the arena.

A VOTRE SANTÉ!

There are signs that some people are carrying conservation too far. Unwilling to toss away the pull-tab on their soda or beer can or put it in their pockets, they drop it through the slot before drinking. Dandy idea, except deep drafters tend to suck the tab up and, oolough, it gets



lodged in the esophagus, polluting, so to speak, the alimentary canal. The accident happens often enough that doctors at a recent X-ray forum listed "pull-tab ingestion" among athletic injuries.

STOP THAT PRINTOUT

Computation has its own hazards. What, Rice Football Coach Al Conover asked the university's computer before his team's opening game against Houston, were Cougar tendencies on third down

continued

There's one car Firestone doesn't want in trouble under any circumstances...



How we build and test the Firestone Steel Radial 500.

We designed a special tread to make the tire run quietly, and extended it over the shoulder of the tire to improve holding power in sharp turns.

Only highly experienced technicians build this tire one at a time, armoring it with steel cord to put steel between you and tire trouble.

The tire is cured in special molds at just the right pressure, with just the right amount of steam and heat, for exact time limits.

Sample tires taken daily from production must stand up under really tough endurance tests, even when overloaded.

yours.

That's why we build
the 40,000 mile Steel Radial 500.
The Gas Saver.

Only from **Firestone**



Test after test at highway speeds
at our Texas proving grounds
proved this tire could save up to
30 miles per tankful against our
own belted bias tires.

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close to their own goal? Never, said the electronic wizard, do they pitch out.

So on third and two Houston pitched out and went 91 yards for its first of three touchdowns against scoreless Rice.

"You just can't trust those things," said Conover. "We're going over there to the computer center and beat hell out of that machine."

GET TOUGH

Deane Beman, who succeeded Joe Dey as commissioner of the Tournament Players Division of the Professional Golf Association, still had not made up his mind last week about the behavior of Tom Weiskopf several days earlier in the World Open. It would be another week or 10 days before he did, he said. "We don't want to make a decision until we have all the facts. We're still investigating."

The facts seem clear enough. Weiskopf, who has not been playing well, merely swatted at his putts on three late holes in the third round of the World Open, double-bogeyed the last two and refused to sign his card. This occurred shortly after it was revealed that Beman had fined both Weiskopf and Johnny Miller \$1,000 apiece for playing decedatory golf in earlier tournaments, each hitting a couple of backhand putts on 16th holes during second rounds and walking off the courses and out of the tournaments. For his action, Beman received high marks among those who had feared he would not prove strong in dealing with recalcitrant pros.

"He's got to be suspended," said Jack Nicklaus of his friend Weiskopf. Pointing out that Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer and Gary Player always finish whatever they start, no matter how badly things have been going, Lionel Hebert said, "I've turned in some pretty bad scores. I don't think there's anything more bush-league than pocking up." Asked Gibby Gilbert, "This is the same Tom Weiskopf who grew up last year?"

Whether it is or not, it should be the same Deane Beman who grew tough a few weeks ago. Pros, like all of us, are entitled to their little tempers. But the people who pay good money to watch them are entitled to something, too, such as the pros' best, skilled efforts. Even when they are at their worst, they make shots the majority of us would give a week's salary to duplicate. The time has come to nip an unseemly practice before it becomes epidemic.

PENN'S TALKIN'

By coming in one-two in last week's Little Brown Jug (page 70), Armbrua Omaha and Boyden Hanover offered further evidence that the keystone to winning harness races is to have a Pennsylvania father. Both were sired by Pennsylvania studs, as were eight others among the 17 starters in the pacing classic. Last year the sport's top three sires, measured by the earnings of their get, were Pennsylvanians. Bye Bye Byrd of Hempt Farms, Mechanicsburg (\$2,030,128), Star's Pride (\$1,919,873) and Tar Heel (\$1,879,557) of Hanover Shoe Farms, Hanover. Bye Bye Byrd was only the third stallion in history whose sons and daughters earned more than \$2 million in one year. The first two—Star's Pride and Tar Heel, in 1972.

WISH YOU WERE HERE?

Even as you read this there may be a lost band of U.S. sportswriters, columnists and photographers wandering through Germany's lush Moselle Valley, drinking the wine and looking dazed. They started out for Zaïre and the Great Teltar Title Fight and ended up in a shopping-mall hotel outside the tiny town of Trier. It seems safe to say that their buses—and especially their expense-account auditors—will never buy the story.

The odyssey started as a special charter tour of western newsmen. For \$784 per person they would be flown from New York to Kinshasa and delivered to ringside. Then the price escalated to \$1,263 a head, and the promised charter turned out to be an affinity-group booking on Icelandic Airlines to Luxembourg. President Mobutu's personal Air Zaïre plane would pick up the 120 or so journalists there and wing them on to Africa. Not immediately. For the night they all were tour-bussed across the German border to a hotel in Trier. It was there that they first heard about the cut that cost a fortune.

In the pandemonium that followed, everybody tried to call his office from the hotel's one lobby phone. Answering editors said, "I thought for one fleeting moment you said you were in Germany. You mean Africa, dummy. Where's my story?"

It got worse. Rumor piled upon rumor. Would there be a fight? Would it be postponed? If so, how long? The Air Zaïre official shrugged. If the sportswriters

would only get on the plane, he said, they would find out everything in Africa.

A few, 10 or so, got on the plane (see page 36). The others balked, unable to face a month or so in Kinshasa while the rest of life—like the World Series—passed them by. They watched the plane take off, then discovered that Icelandic's next homebound flight was fully booked—and there were no hotel rooms left in town. When last seen, they were playing to see who would buy the next round of drinks. The contest: pitching malaria pills against the wall.

IMPERFECT WORDS

It was only a friendly quip, but it put thoroughbred racing people on their high horses. At the end of a fine eulogy to television news editor John Merriam, who was killed in an airline crash at Charlotte, N.C., Sept. 12, ABC Newscaster Harry Reasoner said, "He had only one fault, in my view—a strange fondness for horse racing. But nobody's perfect."

The New York Racing Association, never noted for its sense of humor, requested and received a transcript of that part of Reasoner's show, and some of ABC's racing-minded listeners immediately phoned or wrote ABC. Incensed, they claimed that Reasoner's remarks demeaned the sport that had given Merriam so much pleasure.

Ironically, ABC had only recently discovered horse racing. The network wheeled and dealed last spring to win the sport's most lucrative event, the Kentucky Derby, away from Merriam's old stand, CBS.

Well, as Reasoner said, nobody's perfect.

THEY SAID IT

- Leonard Gray, Seattle SuperSonics rookie, evaluating the talents of 7-foot fellow rookie Tom Burleson. "Well, when everybody else is retired, he's still going to be tall."
- Ken Aspromonte, Cleveland Indian manager, giving his phone number to Baltimore newsmen: "Don't call me if I'm fired. Let me hear about it on the radio or get it from a newspaper."
- Lefty Driesell, University of Maryland basketball coach, after the Terps had returned from winning the Eighth Intercontinental Cup Games in Mexico City. "I liked the officials. They couldn't understand a word I was saying." **END**

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OUT ONE HAND AND IN THE OTHER

Fumbles dotted the game, with alert Miami recovering two key ones to beat Buffalo 24-16. But the question of how good the Super Bowl champs are was left unanswered **by DAN JENKINS**

A group of wealthy celebrities known as the Miami Dolphins were supposed to have their pride and all of their earthly possessions at stake in the city of Buffalo last Sunday because they had absentmindedly forgotten to open the pro football season on schedule the week before, having been preoccupied with tax shelters, clothes fittings, oil-portrait posings and cornering the market on Gucci chain straps. Whatever. They had lost their first game in a very embarrassing way, and to the New England Patriots—er, Patriots—of all people, and the world was poised to say that if they lost again, even though the Bills were new and improved and wonderful, it would prove that success is the ultimate killer in American society. But then the game in Buffalo didn't prove anything, and now we will have to wait at least another week to find out if the Dolphins are mortal. The trouble was, the Bills made it so convenient for Miami to score.

Well, let's take that back. The Dolphins are not so fat and happy that they couldn't put together a couple of touchdown drives of 36 and 324 inches. Which is how far they had to go to get their first two touchdowns after the Bills established their excellence at fumbling.

Give a millionaire an inch and he'll take a 24-16 win.

A close study of the game films will probably reveal that the whistle should have blown O. J. Simpson dead before the ball dribbled away from him, en-

abling Linebacker Doug Swift to pounce on it at the one-yard line and the Dolphins to uncork their one-play, 36-inch drive. But no excuse could be made for Fullback Jim Braxton's fumble, which gave Miami the ball at Buffalo's nine and let the Dolphins in for the touchdown that made it 14-3 and perfectly obvious that this was not going to be Buffalo's day. Inasmuch as it took an utter miracle on the part of Joe Ferguson and Ahmad Rashad to overcome a Braxton fumble against Oakland in the Bills' first game, the suggestion can be made that one of Buffalo's future problems will be to outscore its own fullback.

For three quarters it looked as if Miami was there to be had, if Buffalo could only stop beating itself. It wasn't until the fourth quarter that the Dolphins put on any sort of sustained drive, and even that one was helped along by a 15-yard penalty. Meanwhile, Buffalo had been hitting harder and cruising up and down the field. The Bills drove 40 yards to a 3-0 lead, they drove 59 yards to zero because a field-goal attempt was blocked, they drove 66 yards for a touchdown that brought them up to 14-9, and they would eventually drive 65 yards for a touchdown that would bring them up to 21-16. Overall, they outgained Miami, they did a commendable job of containing Larry Csonka (68 yards in 19 carries) and they could say, if it was any consolation, that they gave the Dolphins 14 points, which Bob Griese got

on a couple of lobs to his tight ends, Jim Madsich and Marv Fleming.

Whether any of this is evidence that Miami is not so fantastic anymore or that Buffalo is enormously better and a serious contender for the playoffs, is something no one can yet be sure of. Most likely, there is truth in both suppositions.

When last Sunday's game was over, Csonka and most of the other Dolphins walked off the field looking as dejected as the Bills. Heading up the tunnel toward the dressing room, Csonka said to no one in particular, "I'm glad that's over."

Don Shula was not especially happy. He neither smiled nor joked much about anything. Better than anyone, he knew the Dolphins had not played with their old perfection. They, too, had fumbled, had blown assignments, had been caught holding, had not controlled the game at all in terms of how they like to hog the ball.

"We were more aggressive this week," Shula said, "but anything would have been an improvement."

With slightly more than seven minutes to play it was still a football game either team could win. At that point, Ferguson, who had another splendid day with 17 completions out of 22 passes for 188

continued

Jerning play led to seven bobbles in all; this Dolphin miscue ending in Buffalo's grasp.





Buffalo's O. J. Simpson has the football knocked from his hands near his own goal line.

OUT ONE HAND continued

yards—and who looks like one of the best quarterbacks around—had brought the Bills back up to 21-16 with a 25-yard scoring pass to J. D. Hill. The 80,020 citizens in Buffalo's Rich Stadium were right to dream about another celestial ending, for Ferguson had beaten Oakland just six days before with hardly any time at all left on the clock. If Buffalo could kick off deep, hold the Dolphins, get the ball again... well, Ferguson had those wraiths, Rashad and Hill, to throw to. And he had time.

What happened was 1) what Buffalo Coach Lou Saban said earlier was going to have a tremendous influence on pro football and 2) another Buffalo mistake. Saban had said, "The most significant rules change this year is having to kick off from the 35 instead of the 40. People are getting the ball on their own 30 and 35 and even out to the 40. They don't have to start out in the hole. They can do more things. Somehow, that extra five yards makes a difference."

So, just when Buffalo needed to get Miami in the hole, the Dolphins returned that kickoff to their 37, and when the Bills' Dwight Harrison drew a personal foul penalty, worth 15 more yards, the whole thing added up to Miami conveniently being on Buffalo's 48. That kind of good fortune was all the Dolphins needed, even if they were playing with their money clips in their hands. Griese hit two short passes, put Csonka to work, and pretty soon the Dolphins' Cypriot tie-maker, Garo Yepremian, came in to kick the 22-yard field goal that guaran-

teed Miami's victory and preserved its pride.

Looking back on it, it seems allowable to say that the only other American institution starting off as slowly as the Dolphins is O. J. Simpson. Granted, he is not healthy. He flashed his running brilliance twice on Sunday, but he has gained only 141 yards in two games, he has sprained an ankle and last week he fumbled for both sides. O.J. fumbled at the end of a 22-yard run that produced one of Buffalo's scores, and the ball surely was going to squirt through the end zone for a Miami touchback if Rashad hadn't dived under several dozen Dolphins and clutched it to his bosom for six points.

Which prompted Lou Saban to say dryly, "How do you practice not fumbling?"

It was too bad the spectacle in Buffalo wasn't more revealing because all week long there were hordes of puzzled human beings scattered from Boca Raton to Lackawanna trying to figure out why Shula, the supernatural, mystical guru of coaches, had let that terrible thing happen to the wonderful Dolphins on the first game day of the season. Miami lost to New England 34-24, and that did not make any sense. New England was not supposed to score 34 points against Miami in four years, let alone three hours.

The only way that result could be tolerated was if it could be proved, or at least posited, that perhaps the Dolphins were in deep emotional trouble. It was true that such injured Miami heroes as



Dolphin Linebacker Doug Swift eagerly pursues

Mercury Morris and Nick Buoniconti and Tim Foley did not play against New England, but that was not supposed to matter. With Shula's coaching genius, the Dolphins could fill in with Charlie Callahan and Beano Cook from their publicity office and Edwin Pope from the *Miami Herald*, and everything would still be marvelous.

But it wasn't marvelous and what was worse even than the score was the way Miami went about losing. The Dolphins simply did not look ready to play. They gave up 10 easy points to the Patriots on an interception and a fumble, and the defense leaked throughout the day.

Well, they missed Buoniconti, somebody said. Oh, really? Mike Kolen made seven unassisted tackles and played pretty well. Well, they missed Morris. Of course. Except that Morris doesn't play defense. Twice the Patriots scored over Manny Fernandez. Yes, but...

"Upon examination," said a loyal Florida sportswriter, "you could tell that Manny was rolling outside off his initial blocks."

Swell. That excuses it.

The official Miami word was that New England was a vastly improved football team. Plunkett had a great day and, as Paul Warfield mentioned, "We've got to realize that every one of our games is a Super Bowl."

Privately, a guy in the Dolphin organization inched a little closer to the truth: "We used to have an offensive line that



Simpson's fumble, recovers it at the end.

went out and did the job. Now we have experts. Everybody knows what everybody else is doing wrong."

Two games hardly sum up a season, but the loss to the Patriots and the less-than-impressive verdict over Buffalo give everybody a chance to play psychiatrist. Miami has some poststrike bitterness. Don Shula and Owner Joe Robbie don't really like each other, and Shula may be going to Tampa next year, right? After you've won two Super Bowls in a row, you tend to get bored with winning. Everybody is rich and lazy. Larry Little makes more money than Bob Kuechenberg. Csonka, Jim Kiick and Warfield are headed for the WFL, and so, maybe, is Kuechenberg. Everybody remembers last Super Bowl when the Dolphins were talking about how much more money they were going to demand before they took off their jerseys and slipped into their suedes and Rolls-Royces.

"I don't think any of that is true," said Saban, who had the unenviable task of facing the Dolphins when they were expected to come roaring back to rescue their pride. "If the New England game had lasted a little longer, I think Miami would have won."

Probably so. At least by 1977.

As amusing as anything was the way the literary set reacted to Miami's awful opener. Prodded for a hint of trouble in paradise, one fellow said, "As William Randolph Hearst told his man in Havana, 'You supply the news, I'll supply

the war.' " Another said, "Why don't you ask these questions about Oakland? They lost to Buffalo." That might have been good advice, except nobody can remember Oakland winning any Super Bowls.

In Buffalo before the game the only topic of conversation was The Great Miami Mystery. John Brodie, in town to work the telecast for NBC, called on his thousand years of quarterbacking experience to wonder about one of football's favorite words, "motivation."

"This will be Shula's toughest coaching job," Brodie said. "How do you give a bunch of guys a goal to accomplish when they've done it all? When they've done it twice? They may tell themselves they're just as dedicated, but Miami's success has been the ability to coordinate together. If one or two guys aren't really with it, these aren't the real Dolphins. Their beauty has been the team, not individuals."

"Nobody's going to know whether anything is seriously wrong with the Dolphins until they lose again, early on. If that happens, they might start blaming each other. Still, they're lucky in one respect. In Shula they have the best guy in the business to whip 'em into shape."

Football coaches don't like to deal with emotion these days. They prefer to think they win or lose because of personnel and—that other terrific football

word—"execution." You can only see coaches by appointment. They speak into squawk boxes and talk about 3-4 defenses that take away the sweep—unless Mercury Morris is healthy (he was healthy enough in Buffalo to gain 83 yards in 13 carries and score a touchdown). Their ideal team would be composed entirely of deaf mutes who can pass rush and play zone. No troublesome quotes that way.

Shula said, "We stunk," after the New England tragedy, and then he added that the Patriots played an inspired game. Coaches can have it both ways. He wasn't tickled to death in Buffalo, but then he said cheerfully that the Dolphins were 1-1 at this same time a year ago.

Maybe, as the old joke goes, the reports of Miami's death were greatly exaggerated, and maybe there is some truth to what Larry Little, the wealthy guard, said in Buffalo, which was, "Nobody loves us but us." Maybe what it all comes down to is that New England and Buffalo are teams that are going to have to be reckoned with all season, and the Dolphins just happened to find it out before anyone else.

In the meantime the Dolphins are going to stay under the microscope until they stack up some bodies who don't fumble. As one of the Dolphin coaches, Monte Clark, said, "Right now, we're just trying to fight our way back to the scrimmage line." **END**



Moments later, Miami End Jim Mandich tumbles in end zone after catching touchdown pass.

UP IN THE AIR IN THE HECTIC EAST

The National League race, that is. Although St. Louis dropped a series to the solemn Pirates, the Cardinals stayed loose and lippy

by RON FIMRITE

Joe Torre, the St. Louis Cardinals' normally imperturbable first baseman, approached the conference on the pitcher's mound one night last week feeling every bit as welcome as the dinner guest who sat on the hostess' Siamese cat. Torre had just muffed a pop-up that would have been the third out in what would then have been a signal 2-1, 13-inning victory for the Cardinals over the Pittsburgh Pirates, their relentless opponents in the battle for the National League East.

There before Torre on the hillock stood his teammates, Catcher Ted Simmons, Third Baseman Ken Reitz and, most ominously, Pitcher Al Hrabosky, each, he thought, prepared to bellow, "J'occuse!"

But as Torre drew closer to those he had so grievously betrayed, he observed that their manner was hardly accusatory. Reitz seemed to be restraining a fit of the giggles. Hrabosky, whom Torre addresses as "The Mad Hungarian" or, simply, "Hungo," was uncharacteristically serene, and Simmons, nine years Torre's junior, called to mind images of old Judge Hardy beckoning a recalcitrant Andy into his chambers for a "man-to-man" colloquy. It was Simmons who finally spoke: "Aw, c'mon, Joe, lemme see you smile."

Joe did, ending the conference. And Hrabosky promptly struck out the dangerous Richie Hebner to finally win the game.

With such buoyancy do the Cardinals face crises, and though they dropped two of the three games in last week's series with the Pirates in Pittsburgh, they emerged with their confidence and good humor intact.

If the Cardinals are the happiness boys of their division, the Pirates perhaps

more accurately reflect the bitterness of the conflict. There is a burden of adversity, for in this single season they have gone from rags to riches to rags to riches to Lord knows where. A magnificent streak had carried them from 14 games under .500 in July to first place by the beginning of September. Then, inexplicably, they lost six games in succession, including the extra-inning squeaker to Hrabosky and the chirping Cardinals. But the Pirates charge when they are wounded, and they shot down the first-place Birds 4-1 and 8-6 in the remaining games of the series to pull within half a game of them. By taking two of three in the subsequent series with Chicago while the Pirates won but once from the Mets, St. Louis went up by 1½ as the week ended.

The two teams are studies in contrast. The Cardinals are as healthy as they are happy; the Pirates are bloody if unbowed. Dock Ellis, whose own midseason comeback coincided with his team's, was lost for the Cardinal series—and probably the remainder of the season—with his pitching hand broken by a batted ball on Sept. 11. Dave Giusti, the star reliever who likewise came back from a dismal start, succumbed two days earlier to a muscle strain in his lower back and had not pitched in 12 days until the final inning and one-third of the Cardinal series. Willie Stargell, the team's premier home run man, was sniffling all week with a bad cold. And Richie Zisk, the runs-batted-in leader, was so weakened by a recurrence of strep throat that he missed the middle game.

Zisk was far from healthy for the final game. He sat huddled in his warmup jacket on the bench after bunting practice, infirm but grimly determined. "I don't know why this couldn't have happened to



me in April," he said, bemoaning his ill-timed illness. "It first hit me two weeks ago in Montreal, where the weather had already turned cold. Then it cropped up again this week. They've got me pumped up with all sorts of things, but I still have no strength and my throat is sore. I don't care how I feel. We've struggled as a unit this far, and I'm sure as hell not gonna let the others down now."

Zisk batted out a hit, was walked intentionally twice and scored two runs in the Pirates' 8-6 win—a productive evening for someone who less than an hour before game time looked about as robust as Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Giusti was another who rolled out of the sick bed to plague the Birds. Many of the 19,844 fans who attended the final game muttered apprehensively as Giusti strode in from the bullpen with two out in the eighth inning, a runner on second base and the score 8-6 in his favor. The first man he faced, Pinch Hitter Richie Scheinblum, got an infield hit, putting the tying run on base. But Giusti himself threw out Jack Heidemann to retire the side.

Giusti was in trouble again in the ninth. Lou Brock, who by stealing four bases in the series became the second most prolific base thief in history (only Ty Cobb is ahead of him), singled to open the inning. Then Ted Sizemore, who has



Saving high above Pirate Renee Stenelt, Mike Tyson relays double-play ball to first.

sacrificed many points of his own batting average to give Brock time to run, bunted for another hit. Giusti was now confronted with Reggie Smith, Simmons and Torre, the Cardinals' leading run producers. He struck out Smith on three pitches. And Simmons on four. Then, after throwing three balls to Torre, he whipped three straight strikes by him. Victory was preserved.

"Hugo" gets a hug from a happy catcher.



In the clubhouse Giusti, a swarthy, blocky man with a soft voice, confided that he "put the back injury out of my mind." He seemed more heartened by his team's recovery from the first Cardinal defeat than by his own recuperation.

"This team is amazing that way," he said. "We don't give up. It dates back to the '71 World Series when we were two down to Baltimore and came back to win it all. When we're playing baseball—doing all the fundamental things—we can beat anybody. When we're not, it seems anybody can beat us."

The principal victim of this Pirate win was Hrabosky, who surrendered three runs in only a third of an inning. This was the same Mad Hungarian who two nights earlier had shut out the Pirates for four innings, striking out six of them and enlivening the proceedings with his eccentric behavior on the diamond. It is Hrabosky's custom to commune with himself between pitches at a site just off the mound. After receiving the ball from his catcher, he will turn his back on the hitter, amble off to his spot and, with head bowed, soliloquize on his own worthiness. Then, having convinced himself of his preparedness for combat, he will wheel about and stride to the rubber with a rolling, loping gait reminiscent of Groucho bearing down on the perennially nubile Margaret Dumont. His pitch-

ing motion is frantic and contorted. He looks for all the world like a man who has just stubbed his toe, but his fastball, when it is working, is as speedy as any in the National League.

In repose, Hrabosky is hardly the madman he appears to be on the mound. Those little conversations with himself are important, he insists, because it is absolutely necessary for him to psych himself up during a game. Otherwise his mind tends to wander, as it did earlier in the season, when his ERA was above five. It was 2.49 entering the third game with the Pirates and until then he had allowed only one earned run in his previous 41 1/3 innings.

"What I do out there is sort of like self-hypnosis," he says. "In order to accomplish anything physically, you have to visualize it mentally. I'm out there talking to myself about the importance of every pitch. What I'm doing is putting pressure on myself. When I turn around after one of those talks, I'm saying to myself, 'This hitter better be ready because I'm coming' after him."

And yet, for all of this applied pressure, Hrabosky, like most of his carefree teammates, neither rants nor broods in defeat. It is a team "without negative vibes," says Simmons, its resident philosopher. "We just say, in essence, 'We got 'em, baby.'"

Although humiliation followed triumph in last week's arduous series, Hrabosky was apparently untouched by either. Reclining in the clubhouse he was as merry as a Disneyland attendant, which, in his junior college days, he was.

"Why should this clubhouse be solemn?" he inquired cheerfully. "We're going home in first place and we started this road trip 3 1/2 back. Why let this affect us? We battled when we were behind. We didn't lie down and die."

He was reminded of the importance of the occasion.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "this was the biggest game of my life and I was lousy. But then tomorrow will also be the biggest game of my life."

And, as a less optimistic chap once put it, "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

END

JOLTING THE REDS AND THE NHL

Team Canada was a WHA collection of old men and castoffs—at least, that was the line of hockey's Establishment. So the Russians were not the only ones to be surprised by the early summit meetings by MARK MULVOY

Nikolai (Ozzie) Ozerov, the Russian Cosell, suddenly stopped talking, but his mouth remained in its normal position—open. Was that a slight smile that Ozzie saw on the cold face of Boris (Chuckles) Kulagin? Holy Lenin, it was. Harold Ballard, the president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, had just presented Kulagin, the coach of the Soviet National hockey team, with a 40-ounce decanter of 20-year-old Scotch and, yes, Kulagin's great stone face actually cracked a quick grin as he accepted the liquor and mumbled "Spasibo, spasibo" to Ballard. However, as Ozerov no doubt told his 100 million listeners back in Russia, except for that one fleeting facial lapse O' Chuckles wore his regular sour look most of last week. Team Canada '74—or Team Castoff, as Winger Johnny McKenzie called the World Hockey Association's all-stars—stunned 20 million Canadians by playing the cocky young Soviets to a 1-1-1 standoff in the opening games of hockey's second summit meeting.

The all-stars, composed of 25 NHL defectors and Gordie Howe's sons, Mark and Marty, were supposed to lose every game by at least a "touchdown," according to one Canadian journal. "Every-one naturally figured that if the NHL couldn't beat the Russians until the final minute of the final game back in 1972, then there was no way that the WHA could beat the Russians in 1974," said Defenceman Pat Stapleton. "I played on that '72 team and as it turned out we were unprepared—overconfident. Now we know how good they are—and how to play against them. Psychologically, we have a great advantage."

Psychologically, this Team Canada was also motivated by an antestablishment vendetta against the NHL. Bobby Hull, J. C. Tremblay and Gerry Cheevers all were selected for the NHL's 1972 Team Canada but then were discarded when they signed contracts to play in the new WHA, while such NHL rejects as Andre Lacroix, Paul Shmyr and Johnny McKenzie have long been used as prime

cases in point when NHL people talk disparagingly about the quality of talent in the WHA. "It was childish of the NHL to blackball me the last time," Hull said, "but I don't hold much grudge. You have to forgive children." Lacroix, a center for Philadelphia and Chicago in the NHL, has scored more than 100 points in each of his two WHA seasons, yet General Manager Tommy Ivan of the Black Hawks says, "Lacroix wouldn't be one of the top 20 players on our roster."

At Quebec City, in Game One of the Russian series, Hull scored two goals and an assist, Lacroix had two assists and McKenzie had a goal and an assist as Team Canada thoroughly dominated the play but had to settle for a 3-3 tie because of the superb goaltending of Vladimir Tretiak, an army lieutenant from Moscow. "The young Hull was very good," a grim Kulagin admitted. Young? Hull is 35, although with his new mop of hair he could pass for 29.

Two nights later the young Hull and Lacroix combined for two goals and three assists as Cheevers did to the Russians what Tretiak usually does to the Canadians in a solid 4-1 victory at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. Rather than change his goaltending style for the Russians, as Ken Dryden did without much success in 1972, Cheevers played his normal game and stayed well out from the net, using his stick to detour the passes the Russians like to make near the goal. "If you stay back," he said, "they'll beat you all night."

Harry Sinden, who coached the 1972 Team Canada, watched the game in Toronto and wondered what had happened to the crisp Russian attack that had ripped his all-stars. "It was a piece of cake for the WHA," he said. "Two years ago the Russians never had a bad shift, let alone a bad game, and they never gave the puck away or got caught up-ice for two-on-one breakaways. Why didn't they play this way against us?"

Two reasons. In an attempt to develop some Bobby Orrs, the Russians now permit their defensemen to carry the

puck, something that earned banishment to Siberia in the past. And when they carry it, they usually lose it. Indeed, in the first two games Team Canada had some 20 two-on-one breakaways and six pure breakaways against Tretiak.

"We're also making them look bad by taking out a player the instant he passes the puck," said Stapleton. "Two years ago it took us about seven games to discover that a Russian player passes the puck and promptly skates into position to get it back on the next pass. Well, we're hitting these guys and preventing them from getting that next pass. That's why they've been passing the puck to us as much as to themselves."

When the series moved to Winnipeg



PHOTOGRAPH BY KEITH KLEIBER

on Saturday, Team Canada Coach Billy Harris tried for a psychological kill by benching Cheevers and five other regulars and playing six fresh, young, inexperienced skaters. "If we beat the Russians with this lineup," Harris said, "we'll demoralize them and put them right out of business." Not all his players agreed. "We've got them down now," one regular said. "Let's keep them there. We should play our best at all times. The Russians don't rest their best guys. Ever." Final score: Russia 8, Canada 5. In Monday's fourth game in Vancouver and next week's four in Moscow, Harris said he would play "my best."

Both the WHA and the Soviets consider the series of paramount importance. If the WHA ultimately wins it, or merely continues to play respectably, it will gain total credibility as a major league and probably will demand an NHL-WHA Super Bowl in 1975. But if the WHA loses several games by "touchdowns," as predicted, the hard-line NHL partisans will overpublicize the castoff angle and suggest that "old men" like

Gordie Howe should be collecting their NHL pensions instead of embarrassing themselves on the ice. Still, there would not have been any '74 summit if the WHA had not volunteered to play the Russians. The NHL no longer wants to play them on an all-star team basis, preferring individual games between regular teams, and it insists that any future NHL-Soviet games be played in the middle of the NHL schedule, not at the beginning.

On the surface there seems little hope that a real Team Canada, composed of players from both the WHA and the NHL, ever will play the Soviet national team. Such a group might have been formed this year if the WHA owners had accepted the high bid of \$853,000 for the television rights to the series instead of deciding to sell the advertising spots themselves. The \$853,000 tender was guaranteed by Bobby Orr Enterprises Ltd., which had bought the TV rights to the 1972 series. If Orr Enterprises had got them this year, Orr undoubtedly would have played and would have

persuaded top NHL men to join him.

For the Soviets the series marked the debut of Kulagin as head coach. When he assumed control, Kulagin dropped 10 veterans and replaced them with 10 players in their early 20s. "We have brought them here to learn from the Canadian professionals," he said. It was an interesting educational experience. Sergei Kapustin, 21, already has found out what most North American pros learned very early: never challenge Gordie Howe near the boards. In Quebec City, Kapustin trailed Howe, a young 46, into the boards for a loose puck only to receive an elbow massage for his effort. Howe calmly collected the puck and passed it out to Hull for a goal. Sergei Kotov, also 21, learned never to skate too closely to pro goaltenders, particularly goaltenders who like to use their sticks machete-style. On his first shift in the series, Kotov glided across the crease in front of Cheevers and ended up with a very sore ankle.

It was nothing, though, in comparison with the NHL's migraine.

END

In a scramble at the Canadian goal mouth, a pack of defenders converge to clear the puck away from Russian sharpshooter Valeri Kharlamov (17).





RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

Tom Clements may not be the best college football player in the country—he insists he is not—but he is quarterback of Notre Dame, the defending national champion, and he's the one who gets the Irish up **by RAY KENNEDY**

Tom Clements was reluctant. So was Frank Allocco. But, reporting early to the practice field one day last spring, the two Notre Dame quarterbacks were overcome by the same irresistible urge that hit Sir Edmund Hillary when he first encountered the Himalayas. True, Ara Parseghian's brand-new portable coaching tower, a wondrous custom-made contraption that had just been erected, was not snow-capped, but soaring majestically out of the flat Indiana plains that morning it looked to the young adventurers like a mini-Mount Everest that just had to be climbed.

So, giddy as two freshmen sneaking an illicit beer in Farley Hall, Clements led his backup man up the tower.

Their hastily plotted scheme was to wait atop the edifice until Parseghian and the rest of the team appeared and then Allocco would do his imitation of the old man, pacing and pointing and hollering in an Armenian soprano voice such touching epithets as "Move your tails" and "Pursuit, pursuit." However, the crisp April breeze whirling around in their helmets blew away some of the spunk. Allocco, gazing at the Golden Dome and suddenly remembering his deathly fear of heights, bravely ventured, "Nice view, huh?" Clements, peering intently in the direction of his home in McKees Rocks, Pa., said, "Yesh."

"Pretty high up here," said Frank, gripping the guardrail tightly. [Pause.]

"Yesh," said Tom. [Long Pause.]

"You wanna get down off this thing?" said Frank. [Longer pause.]

"Yesh," said Tom.

So down they came, Clements going first, muttering encouragement to the terrified Allocco and helping him to place his cleats securely on each step. Then, feet once again planted on the good old Indiana terra firma, the two quarterbacks went back to the serious business of defending Notre Dame's national championship.

The lessons to be drawn from this tale are threefold. First, despite all outward appearances, Tom Clements is capable of at least one whimsical moment, however ill-fated, every spring or so. Second,

Clements confers with Ara Paragvian during 49-3 victory over outclassed Northwestern.

whether the going is up or down, what though the odds be great or small, Tom Clements is a natural leader. And, third, once he gets there Tom Clements is not particularly enamored of the view from the top.

Nevertheless, there he is, the No. 1 quarterback on the No. 1 college football team, climbing into the South Bend fireman as the No. 1 candidate for the Heisman Trophy.

All of which affects him the same way his routinely stellar performance last week did. He had 182 yards passing and 44 rushing in less than three quarters of play in Notre Dame's 49-3 victory over Northwestern, and some witnesses swear that after the game they detected a faint glow of satisfaction in Clements' eye. Others claim that they actually saw a shrug trying to work itself up into a grin. Or was it a suppressed yawn?

One can never be certain with Clements. He has the same range of emotions and expressions as Rockne—the bronze bust version, that is. And there is no missing the rare occasions when he chooses to say more than "yeah"; everyone around him instinctively leans in at a 45-degree angle in order to hear his ultra-soft utterances.

Close friends like Alocco say, "Tommy is so cool that sometimes he seems cold to people who don't really know him." Yet when pressed for a few examples of the red-hot side of Clements' nature, Guard Gerry DiNardo, his former roommate, thinks long and hard and then says, "Well, I saw him kind of pace the floor once." Center Mark Brennenman believes that after three seasons the players now know when Clements has worked himself up to a fever pitch in a tight game. "Tommy will come into the huddle," says Brennenman, "and he'll say, 'Let's go.'"

Still, it is worth hiring a lip reader to tune in on Clements when and if he can be goaded into talking. His delivery is like his passing—quick, direct, on the mark.

"I'm not outgoing because it's not me," he says. "It's not my type of personality and I don't believe in forcing things. Besides, there's no such thing as emotion." One of his boyhood heroes, he says, was Walt Frazier (Clements was

all-state in basketball as well as football in high school) mainly because "he never changes his expression."

As for "the Heisman thing," as he calls it, Clements says flatly, "I don't want it. I wouldn't feel comfortable about winning it. There are other players who are better than I am that no one ever hears about. I just happen to be playing on a great team and anything but a national championship is irrelevant. I don't like all the publicity. I don't care to be singled out. I'd rather go unnoticed."

The humble routine is as old as the flying wedge but with Clements, perhaps because of his deadly earnest gaze or the fact that his most scandalous pastimes are an addiction to TV's *Jeopardy* and a few racy hands of Hearts or Crazy Eights, one gets the feeling that he really believes what he says about "just wanting to be part of the team." The Fighting Irish cer-

tainly do. This season for the first time in 28 years the Notre Dame players elected their quarterback as their offensive captain.

His impressive nature aside, Thomas Albert Clements may in fact be the foremost of a whole new breed of junior executive quarterbacks. It has lately become fashionable for college athletes to play down the rah-rah and talk about "execution" and "in-depth preparation," the way ad men talk about cost per thousand. But Clements is something special if only because of his icy proficiency and the fact that he is playing for a university that has long led the league in the school spirit, legend and laryngitis divisions.

But times change, even in South Bend. It was not too long ago, for example, that an ND student, faced with a hefty increase in tuition, was put on probation

continued



ANGELO BERTELLI



JOHNNY LUJACK



RALPH GUGLIELMI



PAUL HORNUNG



JOHN SWARTE



JOE THEISMANN

A SUCCESSION OF KINGS

Notre Dame quarterbacks have collected four Heisman Trophies: Bertelli in '43, Lujack in '47, Hornung in '56 and Swarte in '54 and now for 1974. . . .

for suggesting that the Golden Dome be replaced by a golden cash register. By contrast, the latest issue of *The Scholar*, the campus magazine, offers a sassy multiple choice quiz in which the Golden Dome "A) is International Hdq. for the Ultra Ban 5000 Assoc., B) looks best in the rearview mirror, C) is the Catholic Watergate, D) is Hdq. for the 13th Crusade."

There are a few obvious indications of how this new irreverence is expressed on the football field. Last Saturday for example, while the Northwestern players were engaging in the usual jumping, shouting pregame hatroutines, the Irish limbered up as casually as a bunch of beachcombers. Though Clements & Co. may be guilty of trying to emulate the pros a bit too much, one thing seems certain: the old gung-ho days when Frank Leahy's lads charged down the field screaming like bamboos on every opening kickoff are long gone, at least until their present spiritual leader, Tom Clements, hangs up his low profile.

The Fighting Irish are still capable of whipping themselves into a fine frenzy, as they demonstrated in their 24-23 upset victory over Alabama in the Sugar Bowl last season. For the moment, though, graced with a quarterback who has so far led the team to 21 wins in 24 starts, Parsagian seems wisely content to let the Irish play it cool in the Clements manner just as long as the talk doesn't get in the way of the triumphs.

Rare as they are, hear Clements' words on a few stock subjects.

Success: "Winning is knowing what you can do, preparing yourself to do it and then going out and doing it."

Tradition: "I wasn't concerned with tradition when I decided to go to Notre Dame. I just wanted to come and play and win."

Enthusiasm: "Calmness helps me more than jumping up and down. For one thing, it saves a lot of wear and tear on your body."

Leadership: "I'm pleased that I was elected captain but I don't place any great importance on it."

Pressure: "Pressure is self-inflicted."

The hurt Clements puts on opponents is strictly outer-directed. For all his guru ways, he can be one of the most flat-out exciting players to watch in the college game. "I wouldn't consider Clements a super passer or an outstanding runner,"

says Bear Bryant, "but he makes the right play at the right time, and that makes a winner."

Bryant should know. It was against his Alabama team that Clements made the big play of 1973, a 35-yard completion from his own end zone in the waning moments of the Sugar Bowl that clinched the national title for Notre Dame. "When I gave him that play," recalls Parsagian, "he just kind of smiled. At least I think it was a smile. He's almost a stoic, you know. Without a doubt, he's the best performer under difficult circumstances I've ever seen."

An agile 6', 185 pounds, Clements perfectly complements an attack that is geared around the quarterback as the fourth runner. Quick and jumpy as a jackrabbit, he doesn't exactly roll out. Nor does he scramble. Clements roams. In Notre Dame's opening 31-7 victory over Georgia Tech, for example, he was seemingly tripped on the sidelines at one point by three tacklers. First a sidestep, then a glancing spin to the left, a twist to the right and he turned a minor disaster into a major gain.

With a notably stronger passing arm this season, Clements is even more of a threat as a flanker on the run. One of his favorite maneuvers is to roll to the left and throw to the right, a contortionist's move that, as it did last week against Northwestern, often has him throwing with one or both feet off the ground. "Tommy's such a squirmy guy," says Pete Demmerle, the team's leading pass receiver, "that he's almost always able to clear the lane so that I can follow the ball better rather than see it fly out of a crowd."

For ultimate comparisons, ND Athletic Director Moose Krause flips back through his vast memory to other golden Irish quarterbacks he has known—Frank Cardo, Angelo Bertelli, Ralph Guglielmo, Paul Hornung, Darryl Lammonica, John Huarte, Terry Hanratty, Joe Theismann—and finally decides, "Lugack: like Johnny Lugack, Clements thinks he can do anything—and he can."

Coach Ray DiLallo realized that the very first day Clements, without any previous experience at the position, tried out for quarterback at Canevin High School. Within a few games Clements was starting for the varsity as a freshman. "Funny thing about Tommy," recalls DiLallo.

"He was the whole team but yet he wasn't happy unless I yelled at him. There was no reason to, of course, but I used to do it because I think it made him feel like one of the crowd. He just didn't want to be lonely."

No one ever got lonely at the Clements' six-bedroom home in McKees Rocks. Like the father, one of Tom's older brothers is a doctor, and another is an engineer. One of his sisters is an anthropologist and another brother and sister are lawyers. "I wake up every morning feeling inferior," says the youngest in the family.

On Easter night 1971 Clements came home to a full-fledged family tribunal at the kitchen table. In turn each member of the Clements clan told him that he should not go to North Carolina to play basketball but to Notre Dame to play football, a sport that offered him more potential for development. Actually, the deal was all but clinched when ND Assistant Coach Tom Pagna came to town a few weeks earlier and ran straight into the piercing glare of the elder Dr. Clements. "You're looking at me just like my father used to," said Pagna. "Wait a minute. Clements? What kind of name is that? I'll bet it was Clements in the old country. Right?"

Right he was and later, over a spread of elegant *parsianus*, the two *parsians* discussed why God and Ara needed young Tom at Notre Dame. Reminded that his quarterback is Irish on his mother's side, Pagna says, "We've overcome that. The part that thinks and throws is Italian."

But even Pagna, who spends most of his waking hours with the team's offense, admits that he does not have the foggiest notion what is going on inside Clements' mind. For instance, does the fact that Clements chooses to bed down in the subterranean chambers of Sonn Hall, the ancient ruin of a dorm where many old football nobles like Knute himself once lived, mean that perhaps Tom Clements is a little bit impressed with the legendary sons of Notre Dame?

No one knows and Clements as usual isn't saying. "The only time I ever saw Tommy open up," says Pagna, a dabbler in ESP, karma and all manner of things mystical, "is when I once started talking about reincarnation. I know I used to be Caesar, but I don't know who Tom might have been." Confucius, probably. **END**



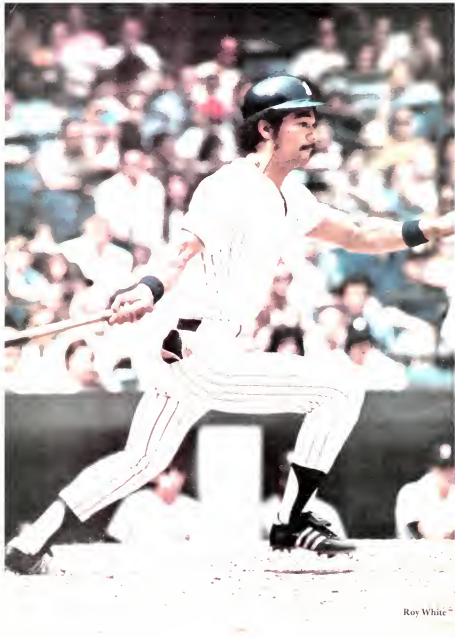
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Roy White

What athletes should know about contact lenses.

The first thing you should know is that only a professional eye examination can determine your eyecare needs. This examination will show whether eyeglasses or contact lenses are better for you.

Wider field of vision.

While conventional eyeglasses are a vital part of the lives of millions of people with poor eyesight, contact lenses provide greater field of vision because they rest directly on the eye itself. For anyone who requires seeing a wide field, this benefit alone could make all the difference in the world.

Contacts are not for everyone.

Contact lenses can't correct every form of vision problem or be worn by everyone, but it's amazing how many people they can help. Some people will not achieve the same degree of vision correction with contact lenses as they do with eyeglasses. Naturally, you must have your eyes examined professionally to determine whether you can benefit from contact lenses. And it's reassuring to

know that most common vision problems in healthy eyes that can be corrected with eyeglasses can also be corrected with contact lenses, although your particular eyes will determine which is better.

Getting used to contact lenses—it's getting easier all the time.

Time was when a person newly fitted with contact lenses experienced weeks of gradual—and often uncomfortable—adjustment. But with new designs and softer lens materials the break-in period has been shortened, and these newer contact lenses often feel comfortable right from the start.

Contact lenses for athletes? Definitely.

Another advantage of the newer contact lenses is that they stay more snugly in place through the jostles and jolts of active sports. Although they should not be worn while swimming, contact lenses are worn regularly by many professional, college, and high-school athletes in other sports.

Easy to care for.

Because contact lenses rest directly on the eye, they must be kept clean and aseptic. Daily lens cleaning and asepticizing are important. These procedures are different for hard lenses and soft lenses, but either process takes only minutes a day. Caring for contact lenses is really no more taxing than good dental hygiene.

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Contact lenses may be right for you—but that can only be determined by having your eyes examined. Millions of people neglect their eyes. A regular professional examination is the best way to protect the priceless miracle of sight. Shouldn't you make a checkup appointment today?

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THEY'LL BE SWINGING IN THE RAIN

His unkind cut closed with a butterfly, Foreman coolly awaits the new fight data. His act unchanged, Ali mugs around town. Meanwhile, lightning in the Zaire sky heralds the wet season

by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

The boxing crowd has been subdued ever since the news of the cut over Foreman's right eye. They assemble in the lobby of Kinshasa's Inter-Continental Hotel and collect by the elevator doors in the hope that someone will come out and tell them what to do. The boxing writers are especially forlorn, wandering aimlessly among the wicker chairs in the lobby, overcome by the sort of wan melancholy that besets journalists unable to think what to write about.

Many of them arrived after long flights to discover that the fight was postponed—and that Ali and Foreman were secluded in the presidential compound 30 miles up the river at N'sele. The trip there by highway is expensive, long and not likely to produce any results. The boxers are guarded with great efficiency by both soldiers and officials of an organization called the Foreman-Ali Commission.

Foreman lives in complete seclusion on the slopes above N'sele, the roads to his quarters blocked by two sets of gate barriers manned by soldiers who stand guard at pillboxes with conical straw roofs. One writer who knew Foreman managed to reach him by phone and said he thought he could get into the camp undetected by hiding in the trunk of a public relations man's car. Foreman was dubious. He didn't know what the officials of the commission would do if they caught a reporter emerging from a car trunk. It would be better to go through more of an official procedure.

So the writers stick to the lobby of the Inter-Continental, which has been called

the "living room" of Kinshasa. It is turbulent and lively at the moment with the comings and goings of those involved in the music festival that was to precede fight day with three evenings of entertainment featuring such performers as James Brown, B.B. King, the Pointer Sisters and Bill Winters. The writers watch the activity enviously.

They consult each other as the Chinese consult their ancestors. They invent rumors just to see how long it takes for them to return full circle, usually related with raised eyebrows by the person originally confided in. Sometimes they wander out to play Ping-Pong with Archie Moore, the former light-heavyweight champion, on the table beyond the swimming pool. Moore, who with Sandy Saddler, the former featherweight champion, advised Foreman, plays a very good and somewhat nonchalant brand of Ping-Pong, often with the thumb of his free hand hooked to the suspenders of his bib overalls.

Whatever news is brought in from the outside to the hotel lobby is worried over like a bone by the boxing press. One writer managed to get close enough to Foreman to ask him what he had been dreaming about. Foreman volunteered that he recalled a rather complicated dream in which he was teaching a dog how to ice skate. The writers settled into the wicker chairs to study this. The most persuasive interpretation, offered by Larry Merchant of *The New York Post*, was that it was a "grace envy" dream; that Foreman, manifesting his desire to be more like Ali and less of a bludgeoner, saw himself as an instructor in the art of being graceful.

TRANSLATING "butterfly" bandage into French was tricky. George's cap obscures it.



continued

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SWINGING *continued*

A lobby scene of high drama occurred with the news of Foreman's cut. Don King, the most ambitious and visible of the promoters, tried to calm a group of reporters waiting to hear about the effect of a postponement. He offered a number of quotations about adversity. "Though he slay me, yet I love him." That's Job talking to the Lord," he said in a moving voice. "We must look on the bright side of things." He held out his hands. "Adversity is ugly and venomous like a toad, yet it wears a precious jewel in his head," he cried. The press shifted uneasily. "Shakespeare," he said, ignoring the slight revision of the original. How lucky it was, he went on less dramatically, that the accident had happened a week in advance of the fight and not the day before. There was time for everyone to adjust, and now there also was an additional month in which to promote interest, King said. The fight would move from the colossal level to supercolossal. "We are turning lemons into lemonade," he shouted as he rushed away.

Others involved with the fight were less sanguine. They collected in small groups in the lobby and mighty notions were proposed—anything that might keep world attention focused on the fight throughout the delay. "Alf's our hope," they said. "We must send him out to see some tribal chiefs. Perhaps he'll get on his knees and spar with a Pygmy. Would it be a good idea if he disappeared for awhile? The whole world wondering where'd he'd got to?" And so on.

The new date set (Oct. 30), the atmosphere in the hotel calmed down. There is now considerable talk about rain, since Oct. 30 is smack-dab at the start of the rainy season. Indeed, the first guaranteed rainless date would not be until next May, which would require an awful lot of sparring matches with Pygmies. Much of the talk is about the *farm* the rain will take.

The government officials and the promoters assure everyone that the rains are not like the monsoons of W. Somerset Maugham's writings. "Just a few daily showers, that's all; over very quickly. No problem. Besides it rarely rains at night, when the fight is going to be held." Other Kinshasa old hands disagreed. One said that he felt the chances of rain at 3 a.m. (when the fight will be staged to provide evening viewing in the U.S. on Oct. 29) were about 80%. "Much more

continued

1975. CHEVROLET THINKS IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE GOOD NEWS.



Shown above, in foreground, is Monza 2+2; in background is Nova LN Sedan.

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The great advantage of the 1975 Chevelle is that it doesn't offer you just one great advantage.

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Chevelle Malibu Classic Coupe

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Caprice Classic Sport Sedan

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Move to Monte Carlo. It feels good.



Camaro Type LT Coupe

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**There's no law
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on your face.**

For 1975, we've left Camaro's styling pretty much alone — on the theory that when a car looks this good, you shouldn't mess around with it.

So we widened the rear window a bit, added some new colors, put on some new identification, then turned our attention to mechanical things. (See back page.)

The result is a sporty compact which, like before, looks like a million and moves like it looks. But now Camaro's more efficient, more sensible, and an even smarter choice than ever.



Impala Custom Coupe

IMPALA.

**All the benefits of full size,
plus new economies, too.**

One reason Impala has been America's favorite car for so many years is the roominess it provides for so many people's driving needs. Impala for 1975 still provides a lot of room, ride, comfort and usable trunk space for the thousands of people who can't settle for less than a full-size car. Plus Chevrolet's new Efficiency System that makes Impala a more economical, sensible car that will save you money every mile you drive. We've taken a car already recognized as the Great American Value and made it even more valuable for 1975.

1975. ANNOUNCING CHEVROLET'S NEW EFFICIENCY SYSTEM.

It's the key part of a program to make our new cars run leaner, run cleaner—and save you money every mile.

This page is not about Vega or our four-cylinder engines, which were already superbly efficient performers in '74. Happily, this page is about the new efficiency of our other 1975 Chevrolets.

Together for the first time.

We firmly believe that the 1975 Chevrolets make more sense than any other new line of cars we've ever brought out.

That's because of our **Efficiency System**—a series of engineering improvements working together for the first time. They're designed to bring you a better running car in many ways, along with improved fuel economy and more miles between recommended maintenance. They include things like catalytic converters, High Energy Ignition, Early Fuel Evaporation and steel-belted radial ply tires.

Run leaner? Run cleaner? What's that mean?

For instance, when businesses run leaner, they run more economically. That's what our 1975 Chevrolets are designed to do, and that's why we've adopted the phrase *run leaner*. *Run cleaner* means our cars are designed to meet new Federal emission standards, with engines that stay cleaner internally because of no-leak fuel.

Improved fuel economy.

All 1975 Chevrolets with standard V8s or standard six-cylinder engines are designed to bring you improved fuel economy, thanks to the new Efficiency System, new engine tuning and easy-rolling radial ply tires.

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Surer starting.

High Energy Ignition, standard on all 1975 Chevrolets, delivers a spark that's up to 85% hotter than conventional ignition delivers. We wanted to make it possible for you to approach your car with greater confidence on cold or humid mornings.

Faster warm-ups.

Chevrolet's Early Fuel Evaporation is designed to reduce stall and chugging when you start out. EFE uses exhaust gases in a more sophisticated way to warm the incoming fuel-air mixture, so you can be on your way sooner and more smoothly. EFE is on all V8 models and on all six-cylinder models except some Novas without air conditioning.

Better performance.

Clearly, all those 1975 Chevrolets with their surer starts, faster warm-ups, hotter ignition and reduced stall and chugging are designed to be noticeably better performers than cars of the last few years.

And with catalytic converters now taking over most of the emission control job, our engines can do what Chevy engines have long been famous for: Deliver smooth, responsive, efficient performance.

Fewer and simpler tune-ups.

With High Energy Ignition, there are no points or ignition condensers to replace. Spark plugs, instead of lasting 6,000 miles, should now last up to 22,500 miles.

Tune-ups, as we've known them, will be simpler and further apart, due to less frequent adjustment of timing and replacement of plugs.

More miles between oil changes and chassis lube.

For 1975 we've been able to

extend our recommended maintenance as follows: Oil change and chassis lube—every six months or 7,500 miles (an increase of two months or 1,500 miles). Oil filter change—first 7,500 miles, then every 15,000 (an increase of 1,500 miles for the first change, 3,000 miles for each later one). Automatic transmission fluid change—every 30,000 miles (an increase of 6,000 miles).

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We'll keep adding to your knowledge.

As you've seen, this is a serious ad, written to be as helpful as we can make it at announcement time. But it's far from the last word you'll hear from us about the new Chevrolet Efficiency System.

It's important for you to learn about the system, of course. But it's important to remember this: The engineering facts and figures we have at this writing support what we're telling you. However, as we get deeper into the model year, we'll be able to report more specific information than we can now. So as we expand our knowledge, we'll be able to expand yours. With that understanding, you can see that today is no more than step No. 1 in introducing the system to you.

Coming Friday, September 27.

The 1975 Chevrolets, with our new Efficiency System, will be in the showrooms then. We hope you will be, too.



CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA.

Chevrolet

rain at night in the beginning of the rainy season," another said. "It comes down hard and you can't see four feet in front of you, night or day."

The start of the rainy season is heralded by lightning flickering in the evening sky across Zaire—and this has now begun. The promoters were prepared for rain had the fight been held on schedule. A canopy was built over the ring, but in order for the people on the rim of the stadium looking down at the fighters to get an unimpeded view, the canopy was raised high over the ring. It is almost 50 feet up, so that it affords about as much shelter as an extremely tall royal palm. The rain must fall out of a windless sky absolutely straight down for the ring to remain dry, and there has been much discussion as to whether the rain behaves this way. Government officials and promoters say that in the unlikely event rain falls, it will fall straight down, not veering in the slightest. No problem.

The Kinshasa cynics are not so sure. A wind usually precedes the first enormous drops of the downfall, and sometimes it stays and whisks the rain around. In any case, something will probably be done with the canopy—either extending it or lowering it—to afford protection, since a rain-soaked ring would be disastrous. Neither fighter would venture upon it.

Another topic to refresh the lobby dwellers is the prospect that one or both of the fighters is going to bolt the country. Reports circulate daily that Foreman is off to Paris for a day or so; that Ali is stir crazy and briding under the overzealous care of the Foreman-Ali Commission, and that he is thinking of paddling across the Zaire River in a fisherman's pirogue, an appalling choice, not only of conveyance but of destination, since the Republic of the Congo on the other side is at odds with just about everyone, especially the U.S., and would quite likely put the contender in jail.

In truth, it would seem for the moment that both fighters are reasonably content. Foreman thinks of himself as a "lonesome man" anyway, and is perfectly satisfied to spend evening after evening on the front porch of his villa with his dog Daggo by his side, the two of them watching the sun, a dull orange in the smoke-like haze, set into the African horizon.

Ali has predicted that Foreman will leave the country just to keep clear of him. "I see fear in the eyes of all his fol-

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—Eliot Fremont-Smith,
New York Magazine

KISSINGER

MARVIN KALB and BERNARD KALB

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SWINGING *continued*

lowers," Ali cried to a startled group of Zairians in the president's gym. "Watch everything. Watch all strange boats slipping out onto the river. Watch the buses. Watch the elephant caravans. Watch everything. The man has troubles. He wants out!"

Each camp has been provided with a number of experts to translate this sort of thing into French for the benefit of the Zairians. As expected, considering the complexities of boxing argot, there have been fine moments of confusion. Dick Sadler, Foreman's manager, announced at one press conference, "the cut was closed with butterflies," referring to the type of handage he had placed above Foreman's eye. In the silence that ensued, the audience could see the translator visibly twitching while he struggled with the picture Sadler had placed in his mind. After a consultation and explanation he sighed and was gratefully able to explain what Sadler meant.

Ali's translators (usually two of them move up to the microphone when he gets under way) compete for the honor of putting his words into French. This is a dubious reward, in that the sudden bursts of hyperbole would tax the most expert of a United Nations staff. One of the Zairians would stand off to the side and listen with a bemused expression until his companion had apparently disgraced the act sufficiently for him to snatch the mike and try it himself—starting off with a relish and enthusiasm that invariably subsided into tentative little smiles of bewilderment.

Ali's rhetoric has been up to snuff. But the officials have convinced him that his "rumble in the jungle" image is not the phrase that best serves the interest of a country on the move. Ali's vocal performances are studded with fine explosive statements that are a quantum leap from his familiar "I am the greatest." "I am an era," he now shouts. "I am an epoch." He told the Zairians that he was so fast that the night before when he flipped off the wall switch, he was in bed before the room was dark. Indeed, he told them that if he got any better he'd be scared of himself.

The reaction to this at his workouts, where crowds of up to 300 sit in ballroom chairs, is polite and restrained, possibly because of the inability of the translators to get as much feeling into what they say as is in the original. The most response Ali produced from the audience

continued

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was when he got them to chant, "Ali, nan boma ye," in unison, which means in the native dialect, "Ali, you must kill him." A sinister sentiment, especially when repeated in full chorus, but it is tempered by the sight of Ali capering around the ring, holding one hand to his ear and cocking his head to the crowd for an increase in sound like an emcee warming up the studio audience for a TV talk show. The words become as inconsequential as the threat in someone shouting kill the umpire.

Foreman's image is becoming more familiar in Zaïre. In many places with limited means of communication he was thought to be a white fighter—his name in dialect sounds vaguely like a word that means "Flemish," thus fostering the notion that somehow Ali had lured into the ring the embodiment of Belgian colonial repression replete with swagger stick.

Now there is enthusiasm and support for Foreman. He has ingratiated himself to Zaïre, especially by his comments that his cut eye was a blessing because it meant that he would be able to stay around longer to enjoy the country. The applause for that was long.

Quite likely the delay is a godsend. Despite the "no problem" attitude of the people involved, the organizers have had difficulties, perhaps symbolized most graphically by the fact that until the day of Foreman's cut no one physically possessed tickets to the fight, those familiar championship ducats with the pictures of the fighters and a stub large enough to keep as a souvenir. Apparently the tickets, complete with arbitrary seat numbers, had been printed in Philadelphia and shipped to Zaïre, where they were being studied so that the stadium seating could be arranged to conform to the tickets—a perfectly possible, if somewhat backwards, way of doing things.

Perhaps it would have worked out satisfactorily. An assessment of what has been going on here, considering the enormous effort of the government, the beauty of the stadium and city, the hospitality and the genuine excitement of the people, would get very high marks indeed. However, the technical demands of staging a modern-day superspectacle have required so much more time that, as was suggested among the wicker chairs of the Inter-Continental Hotel lobby, Foreman's wound may have been the kindest cut of all.

END



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Burt Reynolds remembers a cocktail party he went to eight years ago in a New York apartment that looked kind of like the King Farouk suite at a four-star hotel, full of jewels, furs, carpets, paintings, dressy women and silver ice buckets with foil bottle necks sticking out. His friend Don Meredith took Reynolds there from Yankee Stadium in a rented limousine along with several other Dallas Cowboys who had played the New York Giants that afternoon in the last game of the season.

Reynolds by then had starred in a TV series called *Hawk*, about a cop who is an Indian, but he was not yet very well known, at least not in this Sutton Place apartment, where some of the rooms had steps in them and the little glass tables behind the rubber plants were loaded with ornaments no Chinese emperor will ever see again.

While the players pulled off their overcoats for the mad at the door, word bounded through the place that a number of Dallas Cowboys had arrived. A tall woman who had more ice on her fingers than she did in her drink approached Meredith and smiled.

"You must be Lee Roy Jordan," the woman said.

"Yes ma'am, I am," said Meredith. "I love to hit people and knock 'em down. I sock 'em good, I really do. I purely love it."

"Which one is Don Meredith?" the woman said.

"Bless your heart, he's this cute rascal right behind me," said Meredith. "You ought to get to know him a lot better. There's nothing but pearls comes out of his mouth."

The woman bore in on Reynolds and pressed him toward the wall, telling him he looked like a tremendously physical person, not quite as big as she had expected, maybe, but terribly physical nevertheless, and it was a thrilling experience for her to meet a famous quarterback.

"It was incredible to me," Reynolds remembers. "Almost nobody at that party knew who I was, but this woman heard me identified as Don Meredith, and so here she came with all this cleavage and diamonds. I had a lot of fun holding court, pretending to be Meredith, talking about Freudian interpretations of football, anything else I could have fun with, and people gathered around and took it all in. I thought: *So this is what it's like*."

These days, certainly, nobody could

a former pro football star who is kicked out of the league for shaving points, does a demolition derby on his nasty-minded girlfriend and winds up serving time in a state prison. It is Reynolds' bad luck that the warden (Eddie Albert) is a demented football freak who has recruited a semipro team from among the prison guards. The warden forces Reynolds to organize the inmates to play one game against the guards, and then orders Reynolds to be sure the inmates lose, just so they won't get any wrong ideas about who is in charge of the prison.

It may require a considerable stretching of the imagination to believe all this, but one thing that is definitely credible is Reynolds' performance. He runs with the ball like a halfback, which is what he used to be, and when he gets tackled by Ray Nitschke he falls down like all those other mortals Nitschke used to destroy for the benefit of the Green Bay Packers. The football game takes up 40 minutes of the two-hour film. Shooting the game occupied the movie company for five weeks, six days a week, and laid out several players, including old Viking Joe Kapp, with fairly serious injuries.

"We worked hard to make the game real," Reynolds says. "Nitschke might have worked a little too hard. He hit me a couple of shots that made me feel like I'd exploded. I tried not to let anybody know how much they hurt. We had some semiprofs from Savannah in the film who were out to knock my head off, but I was pretty well protected. They did get Kapp, though. Joe Kapp invented the word *sucko*. I wouldn't fight him with an ax. But these guys wanted to go home and tell their wives and girl friends they had crushed an NFL star, and they

continued

THE CON GAME THAT GOT ROUGH

It was murder down on the field when Burt Reynolds and some pros filmed a story about a prison grudge match

by EDWIN SHRAKE

confuse Burt Reynolds with Don Meredith or anyone else. Since that night on Sutton Place, Reynolds has become the No. 4 male movie star at the box office in America, host at the Academy Awards, a constant visitor on TV talk shows, and the first *Cosmopolitan* magazine male nude centerfold. In fact, he has also become a quarterback—on film, at least—in a new movie called *The Longest Yard*.

In *The Longest Yard*, Reynolds plays

AS PAUL CREWE, in the clunk for beating up a girl friend, Reynolds mails his game plan.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEFER





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hit Kapp late and knocked him out of the film.

"A strange thing started happening. I'd look at the faces in the huddle, and this wasn't a movie anymore. It wasn't even a game, it was a battle. The convict team lived and slept together, and so did the guards. Behind the walls at a maximum-security prison [the movie was shot at the Georgia State prison in Reidsville] one has a tendency to walk a little closer to one's buddies—the *Delirium* syndrome, I call it. All day long the black jerseys wouldn't speak to the white jerseys. Once I threw a pass and some guy gave me a cheap shot, and our whole bench emptied and ran out on the field to take up for me. Meredith had told me how it was when a team developed a sense of loyalty, and here it was happening to us.

"There are a few little things in the game on film that don't look right, and I wish they weren't in there, but it can't be helped. For example, when I call a play in the huddle I might say 'Split left on two.' Well, 'Split left on two' is not a play, as two high black dude who sat behind me at the Houston preview kept pointing out. But if we showed me calling the whole play—like 32 XY East Tight End Hook, wide Z pattern, and all of that—we'd take up so much time we'd lose the whole audience. Some of the plays I called in the huddle were made up on the spot, like a tackle eligible pass. I threw to Ernie Wheelwright. Occasionally I'd run with the ball when Robert Aldrich [the director] wasn't expecting it. Aldrich would give me hell, and I'd say I lost my head. But I knew it was terribly important for me to get my jock knocked off to make the film work."

There is one sequence in which Reynolds rolls out, cuts back and dives over the line for a touchdown. The sequence was shot several times. "Aldrich called me one night," says Al Ruddy, the film's producer, "and he said everything was going great except that Burt was going to be three inches shorter because he kept coming down right on the top of his helmet."

Reynolds grew up around West Palm

Beach, where his father was chief of police. At his present house, on a hill above the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles, Reynolds has a couple of football trophies that show he was an all-state fullback and most valuable player in the North-South Florida high school all-star game of 1955. "If I hadn't been a jock, I never would have finished high school," Reynolds says. "I was having a severe identity crisis. We didn't have any dope then, but if we had, I would've been into it. I'd try anything twice. I lived in what I thought was Riviera Beach, didn't know for years it was spelled Riviera. The kids from that section were called mullets and greaseballs. I tried to play football, basketball, everything. One day I scored a touchdown, and they didn't call me mullet any more. Every day after that, I thought if I don't score they'll call me mullet again. That was my incentive to go to school. And girls. In the early 50s the jock got the girl. Now it tears up my brother, who is a coach, to see some 220-pound high school kid with a guitar on his back, two joints in his pocket and a girl in each hand. The kid will say, 'Why should I get killed playing football when it's easier to get what I want this way?'"

As a freshman at Florida State, Reynolds started at halfback in half a dozen varsity games. In his sophomore year he suffered a knee injury, dropped out of school and went to New York to hang around for a while. The following season he returned to Florida State, but it wasn't the same. "I had only one good wheel, and I was exactly one step slower," he says. "The hole would open, and I'd see myself going through it, but I wouldn't get there. So I quit school and went back to New York again."

In New York, Reynolds found himself in the company of actors a great deal. "I don't know why," he says. "I had no eyes to be an actor. I didn't know what they were talking about most of the time. Somebody asked me if I'd ever read *The Catcher in the Rye*. Hell, I was 21 years old, and I had never read any book at all. So I read *The Catcher in the Rye*, and I thought, hey, this is good. That book got me interested in reading, changed my life. I was running around with Rip Torn, who's one of the best actors in the world and a very physical guy. I'd play basketball with him at the 'Y,' and he'd wipe me out. He had tremendous drive that he used in his acting. I had no place to put my drive.

"For a TV show named *Frontiers of Faith* there was a bit that called for a guy to be thrown through a window. I did it and got paid something like \$132. I thought it was terrific. After that I did a lot of TV. When a script called for a guy to get thrown through a window or down the stairs, I got the part. There were no stunt men because TV was live. I'd say my three lines and get knocked down. As the years went by I began getting knocked down less and talking more."

Reynolds moved to Hollywood as an actor and stunt man. The story is that he still does all his own stunts, which is not exactly true. Reynolds does his own fight scenes and certain other action, but no leading man is allowed to be thrown off motorcycles or crash automobiles into lampposts. The usual rule is that any time an actor is required to leave his feet, or there is any impact, a stunt double is brought in. A leading man like Reynolds is a valuable piece of meat to the studios. You do not hurt a valuable piece of meat off a roof.

What you hurt is someone like Frank Orsatti, who is a stunt man and one of a number of people who have doubled for Reynolds over the years and sometimes wound up in the hospital as a result of their efforts. "Burt likes guys he knows will go the limit," Orsatti says. "He always wants to be closely involved in the physical stuff, even if the studio won't let him actually take part. In *The Love and the Rage*, I might have been killed if Glenn Wilder [another stunt man] and Burt hadn't been standing by to safety for me." Orsatti performed what his trade calls a "fire gag," wrapping himself in tape, rubber, asbestos and clay and being set aflame. More than the necessary amount of lighter fluid had been applied. Orsatti went off like a bomb. Reynolds and Wilder helped extinguish him three times before Orsatti could be rescued from the fire.

Thinking perhaps of Orsatti and his own days as a stunt man, Reynolds says, "I'm always afraid somebody is going to tap me on the shoulder and say that from now on I'll get paid what I'm worth, which is about \$350 an hour. I mean, nobody's worth what they pay me. That's part of the reason I try to get involved in my own stunts. It's not a question of *aww*. You get up in the morning, and somebody powders your face at 6 a.m., somebody else dresses you, somebody else moves you to a spot. By 11, it's time

continued

TAKING the snap, Reynolds looks downfield as the pressure builds. Dramatic personae include former pros (left to right, age to former Joe Kapp, Vikings; Sonny Sotkiler, Rams; Ras Natchik, Packers; Ernie Wheelwright, Saints; Ray Ogden, Bears; and Pervis Atkins, Rams.

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CON GAME continued

to fall off a building, and you feel you have to do it."

Reynolds' bright, easy conversation as *The Tonight Show* host was a revelation to those who thought of him, if they thought of him at all, as an actor who played cops or Indians and took off his shirt a lot ("Cops and Indians don't get to tell many jokes," he says.) But plenty of people went to see *Deliverance*, the 1972 film about the adventures of four men who journey down a wild river in canoes. In the movie ads, there was Reynolds—pectorals displayed, as usual,iceps prominent, fierce dark gaze—and one might have thought, well, I know what he's going to do... swing across the river on a vine, strangle an alligator, etc. Instead, his performance as an intelligent man tormented by his own sense of morbidity came across powerfully and boosted Reynolds' career onto a different level.

Until *Deliverance*, Reynolds had never really considered himself as an actor but as a former football player and stunt man who had turned his looks, athletic ability and gift for repartee into a good living. He had been around show business for a long time. He has done about 12 movies and nearly 250 television shows, not counting game shows or talk shows. "If you worked once a week, which is almost impossible, it would take 10 years to do that much television," says Al Ruddy, whose last production before *The Longest Yard* was *The Godfather*. "Give Burt credit. He's carried his career on his back, and he's become a major, major star."

"When we started *Deliverance*, I was afraid Jon Voight would blow me off the screen," Reynolds says. "The director, John Boorman, kept telling me I didn't know how good I was, but I didn't believe it. Then one night Voight, a guy I'd become good friends with, asked me how I was going to handle things after the picture was released. He said *Deliverance* was going to do for me what *Midnight Cowboy* did for him. I told Jon I'd been hearing that bull for years, I didn't need to hear it from him. He said no, he could smell it, it was true. So I started believing it, and it happened. Since *Deliverance*, I've made some pictures the critics called turkeys, but I've never made a picture that didn't make money. And I'm coming closer to combining the guy on *The Tonight Show* with the actor I want to be."

During the *Deliverance* period Reynolds also appeared in the famous *Cosmopolitan* photograph. It had been predicted that the photo would make Reynolds into a joke, but instead it pointed up the comedy in the whole nude fold-out business, and women all over the country got copies of it with which to razz their husbands and feed their fantasies. "I did it to take a great swing at *Playboy*," Reynolds says. "I felt I had the sense of humor to bring it off. After the magazine came out, I was fully prepared to get in an elevator with a bunch of guys and either have to be funny or fight my way out. But men seem to recognize the humor in it faster than the women. Of course, there are always guys who love to show off by calling you a movie-star faggot, but most guys just laugh and kid me about it."

"The day the magazine came out I was booked as host on *Tonight*, a calculated move. For the opening monologue, I told the writers to think of me as Don Rickles doing a routine on Burt Reynolds, and to use every terrible rotten joke on me they could think of. By the time I'd finished that monologue there was nothing left for people to say. I'd said it all. And I've still got my savers—one-liners that I use. Like maybe I get on a plane and a guy whistles at me, and I say thanks, the flowers were beautiful. I was in a restaurant one night, and the violinist looked down at me and said, 'You wouldn't be anything if it hadn't been for that magazine picture.' So I told him he ought to pose for one, and then he could be playing at Carnegie Hall."

Before the filming of *The Longest Yard*, the cast (including Nitschke and such pro players as Pervis Atkins, Mike Henry, Sonny Sixkiller, Ray Ogden and Pat Studaball) went into training for three weeks. Reynolds worked out on his own, running and doing exercises, and then soaking in the big whirlpool bath in a wing of his house he calls the Ego Room, where he displays photographs and the old football trophies. On the wall in the Ego Room is an autographed picture of Don Meredith taken around the time of that Sutton Place cocktail party so long ago. "Now at parties, the same things happen to me that were happening to Meredith in those days," Reynolds says. "The funny thing is, cocktail parties make me nervous."

END

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TESTING A NOT-SO-GOLDEN RULE

"Licensees and networks are hereby notified that, effective October 16, 1974, they will be required to disclose clearly, publicly and prominently during each broadcast of an athletic event, the existence of any arrangement whereby announcers broadcasting that event may be directly or indirectly, chosen, paid, approved and/or removed by parties other than the licensee and/or network upon which that event is broadcast."

The preceding legalistic language was brought to you in August by the Federal Communications Commission. Essentially it requires sportscasters whose livelihoods are controlled by the team they cover to declare that fact to the fans. Among the 80 U.S.-based NFL, NBA, NHL and major league baseball clubs, 24 have their own hired hands broadcasting their games on TV or radio or both. The FCC's ruling presumably was designed to help separate the team-controlled shells from the journalists who are under obligation to no one except their stations. The new stipulation may help do that to some extent, but as discerning fans already know—or will find out quickly—it is not always possible to tell a shell by his "disclaimer."

Baseball will be first to feel the impact of the FCC's action, during NBC's presentation of the World Series. "Our lawyers are working on it," says NBC Vice-President Chet Simmons. "We have a strange contract with baseball under which each competing team is allowed to assign an announcer to our Series broadcasts. Now what are we up against? Supposing we get one announcer who is paid by a team and another who is not?"

This problem is minor compared to others suggested by CBS Vice-President Bob Wussler: "Let's say that early next April I might want to do a show about the forthcoming baseball season. Everybody knows that Vin Scully of the Dodgers would be a perfect guy to narrate the program. Maybe I would think about using Scully with the disclaimer. Maybe I wouldn't use Scully at all because of it. And numerous situations exist where announcers employed by teams also do news for a station. If a guy is out announcing a baseball game in the afternoon and stumbles across the fact that three players in the bullpen are using dope, do you

think that's going to show up on the 10 p.m. news?"

One deceptive aspect of the rule is that it implies that an announcer paid by a team is automatically a shell. Scully is indeed paid by the Dodgers, but he is also the best reporter covering any team in any sport for radio or TV. "I criticize bad play by the Dodgers and Walter O'Malley never says a word," Scully says.

But few team-controlled announcers work under the conditions Scully does. "We don't want people to falsify information, but we're selling a product like Wheaties tries to sell theirs," says Minnesota Twins Vice-President Billy Robertson. One of the Twins' announcers receives half his salary from the team, although the money technically is paid out by the club's advertising agency. That broadcaster is Larry Carlton, whose application for the Minnesota job included promising Robertson, "If I don't put a million people in the ball park, I'll give you back half my salary."

At least Carlton will have to admit his connection with the team over the air. Other, even more blatant homers will not, among them Detroit Lion radio man Van Patrick and Bob Reynolds, who are often seen wearing team blazers. As things stand now, they will escape having to make a disclaimer because their livelihoods, at least theoretically, are controlled by a station.

It is hardly startling that a regulation as haphazardly effective as the disclosure rule was prompted by a hazy dispute between an announcer and his employer. The broadcaster was Shelby Whitfield, once a play-by-play man for the Washington Senators. In 1973 a book entitled *Kiss & Goodbye* was ghostwritten for Whitfield. In a chapter called "Radio Moscow Has More Freedom," he charged that Senators' Owner Bob Short told him not to say it was raining when it was, to eliminate National League scores from the broadcasts and not to bring up the



WAS WHITFIELD ALL WET TO ANNOUNCE IT WAS RAINING?

fact that Washington left runners on base.

"I don't think a man broadcasting your games should be deprecating the product, and the best way to make sure he doesn't is to see that you're in a hire-and-fire situation," Short says. "Whitfield would be giving out National League scores when we had the bases loaded and Frank Howard up with a 3-2 count. He said I directed him to tell people it wasn't raining when it was. Well, I wouldn't have done that, but I also know he wasn't being paid to be a weatherman. We were trying to sell tickets and beer. I don't see what effect that new FCC disclaimer will have. It's just a political thing. If you're going to listen to a Shelby Whitfield, what does it mean that there's a disclaimer at the end saying he's paid by Bob Short?"

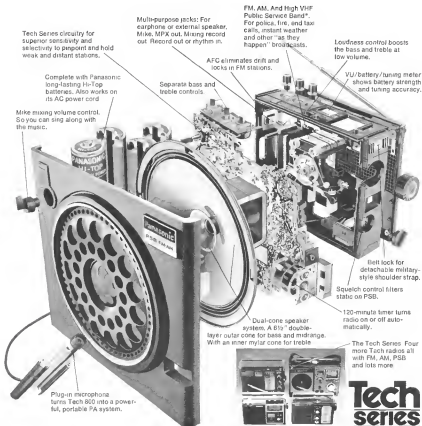
Although he disagrees with Short on the question of tickets and beer, Bill King, the radio voice of the Oakland Raiders and one of pro basketball's best and most forthright announcers even though his salary is paid by the Golden State Warriors, concurs with Short about the FCC ruling. "It doesn't matter so much who's doing the hiring as it does what's in the man behind the mike," King says. "Out of all this uproar comes this innocuous little announcement that allows the FCC to say, 'This is truth in advertising. We're protecting you.'"

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Those other bullies in Oklahoma

The Sooners may be tough, but so is State, as Arkansas discovered

Somewhere east of Stillwater Creek in north central Oklahoma lies the quiet campus of Oklahoma State University, a place noted heretofore chiefly for its pretty crocks, its school of veterinary medicine and wrestling teams that have won 27 national championships. Traditionally, OSU men have mud on their boots and cauliflower in their ears, the sort of conservative country fellows who would lead their dates to romantic The-

ta Pond to discuss the relative merits of soybeans and oats. Football naturally had its proper place—as a pre-season conditioner for heavyweight wrestlers who thought a touchdown was when you forced your opponent's shoulders to the mat for the count of three.

That's exaggeration, of course, the kind of slander spread by those tea sipers at the University of Oklahoma in Norman, 90 miles away. But it is nevertheless true that the Cowboys have not given the gridiron the reverent attention needed to survive in the Big Eight, where folks check the football polls even before they check the pork-belly futures. The Aggies have beaten Oklahoma only twice in the last 28 years and their almost-annual trips to play nonconference rival Arkansas have been almost as dismal: four victories in the last 24 years.

There are signs, however, that the Okie-Arkie situation, at least, is changing. Last Saturday night before 54,535 people in Little Rock's War Memorial Stadium, Oklahoma State whipped Arkansas for the second straight season by a lopsided score, 26-7, and it was accomplished without a single hammerlock.

The game was billed as a battle of Wishbone offenses, but it turned out instead to be a battle of old-fashioned tough defense, with what coaches like to call "hat on the numbers" tackling. Arkansas failed to Wishbone its way past the 50-yard line until early in the fourth quarter and OSU failed to cash in on numerous touchdown opportunities, more often having to settle for field-goal attempts by Abby Daigle, who made four of seven, the longest success from 33 yards.

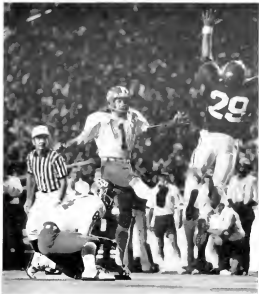
Arkansas was a six-point favorite and should have been. The Razorbacks upset USC the week before and the game was being played in front of their own fanatical fans, all in red, with their HOGS SNEEL GOON bawlers and their eardrum-smashing calls to the hogs: "Whoooo, PIG, Soooooey!" Not only that, but the trickle of blacks into Arkansas uniforms (Jon Richardson was the first in 1969) had grown into a flood: AP Linebacker of the Week Dennis Winston, Running Backs Marsh White, Barnabas White and Ike Forte and many more. So many, in fact, that the black-activist newspaper on the Fayetteville campus called the team the Razorblacks.

Oklahoma State had some talented people of its own, but Coach Jim Stanley's team was suspect because of last season, which was the sort of up and down, bronco-busting ride no cowboy in his right mind would enjoy. Oklahoma State bashed Arkansas 38-6 on regional television (only its second appearance on the tube in 15 years), but then was whipped by Texas Tech. Tied Nebraska but also tied Kansas. Beat Colorado but dropped a surprising 28-12 decision to Iowa State. Part of the problem was that Quarterback Brent Blackman, sick at running the Wishbone, got hurt too often, as quarterbacks are apt to do running that offense.

Blackman was graduated and this year Stanley has a sturdier man in charge, Charlie Weatherbie, and platoons of good runners: Leonard Thompson and Kenny Walker from Arizona, Fullbacks George Palmer and Robert Turner from around home and freshman Terry Miller, who had been the most sought-after player in the state of Colorado. Stillwater runs deep, at least in offensive backs. Then there is the defensive line, which has two men from the Little Rock vicin-

continued

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ity, James (Duck) White and Phillip Dokes. Oklahoma State easily beat Wichita State the previous week, but that is not the sort of thing to scare a team that has defeated USC.

"If we play like that against Arkansas," Stanley told his team, "we'll get beat by three touchdowns. We've gotta get better or we're in for a tough time."

"Playing in Little Rock is a monster with all those people calling the hogs," said Fullback Palmer. "I was so nervous playing there my first two years, both times I went the wrong way on the first play."

On the first play from scrimmage this time, Arkansas' Barnabas White fumbled deep in his territory and the Hogs fought with their razorbacks to the goal line for the rest of the half. They held one by hitting so sudden and hard that Linebacker Billy Burns almost swallowed the pinch of snuff he keeps between his lower lip and gums. Oklahoma State came right back to threaten again but could not capitalize with a first-and-goal-on-the-five and had to settle for a Daigle field goal.

Well, it could have been worse. Nobody in the stands or in Hog Heaven, the special glass-enclosed section beneath the press box, panicked. Then Arkansas punted and still another Cowpoke running threat, freshman Wes Hankins, a 9.7 sprinter from Bristow, Okla., returned it 83 yards for a touchdown. Panic. The visitors had enough points right there.

Arkansas' Wishbone attack looked pitifully weak most of the game, especially the passing. Against USC the Hogs had tried two passes, one was intercepted and one was completed—for an 11-yard loss. Against Oklahoma State, Quarterbacks Mark Miller and Scott Bell completed three passes in 14 attempts, resulting in minus three yards and two interceptions. It was hard to believe this was the same team that was ranked among the nation's top ten. Arkansas finally put together a 73-yard drive in the fourth quarter, but it was too late.

"We've got nine games left," said Coach Frank Broyles later, "and we're just gonna have to circle our wagons and get tougher the rest of the season."

"I think this will be a determining factor in our season," said Weatherbe, but Stanley, whose face is as unexpressive as it is handsome, seemed no more pleased than he had been after beating Wichita State.

Broyles, no Winston Churchill phrase-maker, at least had some wagons circling. Stanley unsimilingly told the press, "One game doesn't make a season. We've got to play 'em one at a time." Which means right up till they meet the Oklahoma Ten Sippers in late November.

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

EAST

Joe Paterno made no excuses after Penn State's 7-6 loss to Navy at soggy Beaver Stadium. He didn't have to. Middle Coach George Welsh, his assistant the previous 10 years, did it for him.

Welsh talked about the Lions' seven fumbles (two of them inside the 15) and their four missed field goals (the last a 43-yarder in the final seconds). He said his Middled, outgained 375 yards to 171, were beaten "in everything but the score." Navy's 12-play, 80-yard touchdown drive in the first half "was all we had. We shot our wad on that one." His team "showed character, didn't collapse and hung in there," Welsh praised, but he admitted, "We were lucky."

Navy's score came on a four-yard fullback pass from Bob Jackson to Robin Ameen. "The ball almost slipped out of my hands," Jackson said. "It wasn't a good pass at all." Steve Dykes' extra point was the difference after the Lions failed on a two-point try following their only touchdowns with 4:41 remaining. Tom Shuman posted the six with a five-yard pass to Jerry Jeram but his conversion attempt to Jim Eise was knocked down.

"It has to be one of the biggest wins in Navy history," Welsh said. But many an old salt may disagree with his conclusion that "it's better than beating Army this year or any other year." Come the last week of November Welsh will likely be singing a different chant.

Tulane pounded Army with two offensive units that rolled up 437 yards in a 31-14 victory. Quarterback Steve Foley threw one touchdown pass and his replacement, Terry Looney, tossed two.

West Virginia put the clamps on Sonny Collins to defeat Kentucky 16-3. Collins managed only 57 yards in 12 carries against a Mountaineer defense that recovered two fumbles, intercepted two passes and held the Wildcats three times after first downs at the five. The Mountaineers started the game backed up on the one-yard line, but a 75-yard run by Artie Owens set up their first touchdown.

Brown got the jump on the rest of the Ivy

League, opening a week early against Holy Cross, but it was a leap into hot water. Crusader Safety John Provost intercepted four passes and returned two punts 39 and 85 yards for touchdowns as Holy Cross won 45-10. The Braves scored first, on a 54-yard play from Pete Beatrice to Pete Chelovich, but they committed nine turnovers.

Rutgers edged Bucknell 16-14 on Bill Bradley's 21-yard field goal with eight seconds remaining. Bucknell seemed to have the game won after going ahead with 5½ minutes left and then intercepting a pass at 2:14. But a fumble gave Rutgers life and two penalties helped move the ball into field-goal position.

The first of two three-pointers by Dave Mancosh put Lehigh ahead to stay in its 33-12 victory over Colgate. The second kick was a 47-yarder that broke a 91-year-old school record.

1. Pittsburgh (3-0)

2. Penn State (1-1) 3. Navy (3-0)

WEST

Say what you will about the pro set in this era of the triple option, but when a team is trailing late in the game there is no quicker route to the scoreboard than an old-fashioned down and out. New Mexico was a Wishbone team last year, but under new Coach Bill Moost it came out throwing this season.

The Lobos' passing attack salvaged a 21-21 tie by heavily favored Texas Tech when Quarterback Steve Myer followed a four-yard scoring toss with a two-point conversion pass. All of this excitement capped a 55-yard drive that ended with just over a minute to play. "It was a great tie," said Moost, which doesn't necessarily mean he enjoys kissing his sister.

Arizona State had little trouble disposing of its visitor from the Southwest Conference. The Sun Devils thumped Texas Christian 37-7 as a couple of sophomore ball carriers, Freddie Williams and Mark Lovett, gained 104 and 99 yards respectively. The game also marked the debut of freshman Quarterback Dennis Sproul, who came off the bench to complete 10 of 14 passes for 115 yards and a touchdown. He also ran for a score. CU Coach Jim Shofner begged off when he was asked to compare Sproul with starter Ray Alexander. "I couldn't tell any difference," he said. "They both put points on the board and that's all I understand."

Texas-E Paso has seen a lot of scoring in recent years, usually by the other team. But on Saturday the Miners ended their 13-game losing streak with a 34-7 victory over Utah. Bob McKinley threw three touchdown passes and Mike Bielew gained 168 yards. Utah won last year's game 82-6.

Brigham Young's defense has not allowed a touchdown in two games but the Cougars

continued

are still winless. Hawaii beat them with five field goals two weeks ago and last Saturday Al Knapp kicked three in a 9-6 victory by Utah State.

Washington is in the unusual position of being the only unbeaten team in the Pacific Eight. The Huskies Veeded to 504 offensive yards in a 31-28 victory over Iowa State. Fullback Willie Hendricks rushed for 148 and Quarterback Denny Fitzpatrick came into the game in the second quarter to run and pass for 261 yards and three touchdowns.

Washington State, California and Oregon each posted first victories while Stanford remained winless in an upset loss to Illinois.

Washington State beat Idaho 17-10. California scored twice in the fourth quarter, the second time on Howard Strickland's two-yard run with 2:45 remaining, to nip San Jose State 17-16. Oregon's triumph was another clock buster, 27-23 over Air Force. The Ducks scored the winner with 1:27 left when Rick Kane bolted over from the one. The touchdown, his second of the period, came two minutes after Oregon had lost the lead on a fumble and an 18-yard scoring pass by the Falcons' Mike Worden to Bob Farr. Worden threatened to pull the game out in the last half minute, only to suffer an interception at the Oregon three.

Stanford's 41-7 loss to Illinois was largely the result of Mike Gow's four interceptions, one of which he returned for the go-ahead touchdown in the first quarter. Chubby Phillips scored three times for the Illini and rushed for 126 yards.

1. Arizona State (2-0)
2. Arizona (2-0) 3. USC (0-1)

SOUTH Looking nothing like an Aggie joke, and every bit like a threat to Texas' long dominance of the Southwest Conference, Texas A&M jolted Louisiana State 21-14 in the Bengals' own bayou bar. The Aggies, in fact, may be the most underrated team in the country.

All three A&M running backs scored touchdowns as each rushed for more than 100 yards. Skip Walker netted 130, Bubba Bean 127 and Backy Sams 107 as the Aggie Wishbone outstrutted the Tiger Vee 417 to 248. In the first half alone, Texas A&M gained 290 yards and posted a 17-2 advantage in first downs. The only question was why it did not have more than a 14-7 lead.

The winning touchdown came after an exchange of fumbles gave the Aggies possession on the LSU 37 in the fourth quarter. Sams took it in on a one-yard plunge. "Maybe I should have made some changes," the Tigers' Charlie McClendon said, "but it's too late to talk about that now."

Florida salvaged some Southeastern Conference pride by handing Maryland its second straight defeat, 17-10. The Terrapins,

who lost 21-16 to Alabama two weeks ago, led 10-7 at the half. But the Gators snapped back in the third period on David Posey's 49-yard field goal and Jimmy Fisher's 17-yard pass to Lee McGriff. "I think Florida is comparable to Alabama," Maryland Coach Jerry Claiborne said.

Southern Mississippi may not agree. Alabama crushed the Golden Eagles 52-0, scoring in each of its first three possessions and averaging 11.7 yards per play in the process. Quarterback Richard Todd ran for one TD, passed for another and set up a third with a 40-yard scamper. Auburn and Vanderbilt had the same kind of success against other opponents who were in over their heads. The Tigers denuded Chattanooga's chee-choo 52-7 as Mike Fuller returned two punts for touchdowns. The Commodores got three short scoring plunges from Adolph Groves and precise passing from Quarterbacks David Lee and Fred Fisher in bombing Virginia Military 45-7.

Condredge Holloway, still bothered by shoulder and knee injuries suffered three weeks ago against UCLA, watched sophomore Randy Wallace lead Tennessee to a 17-3 win over Kansas. Volunteer Coach Bill Battle said he "considered putting Holloway in two or three times, but I decided it was not worth the risk." After a shaky start, Wallace acquitted himself well, completing a 26-yard touchdown pass to Tim Finetpatrick and rushing for 71 yards. "He's similar to Holloway in many respects," said the Jayhawk's Don Fambrough.

Actually, Holloway played a rather decisive role in the victory. Sent in to hold for a field-goal attempt in the first quarter, he bobbed the snap but recovered to throw a 15-yard first-down pass to the Kansas seven. The Vols' first touchdown followed moments later.

Year in and year out, there is no team harder to figure than Georgia. The Bulldogs maintained their baffling form by losing to some other Bulldogs, Mississippi State, 38-14. The running and passing of State Quarterback Rocky Felker accounted for 166 yards and two touchdowns.

Mississippi, meanwhile, wasn't doing so well. The Rebels were upset by Memphis State, 15-7, for the second year in a row. James Thompson's alert play keyed the victory. He recovered a fumbled punt on the Ole Miss 37 and four plays later caught a 25-yard pass that lifted the Tigers into the lead.

Johnny Majors brought Pittsburgh into its game with Georgia Tech troubled by the Panthers' sluggishness in practice and the narrowness of their opening-game win over weak Florida State. After Pitt triumphed, 27-17, Majors said, "I've never been happier to win a football game."

He got a two-touchdown, 168-yard performance from Tony Dorsett, who had been slowed the week before by a pulled groin.

Pepper Rodgers said his Yellow Jackets were hurt more by the Panthers' effortless play than anything. Pepper got a bit ruffled on the matter of his sideline play-calling. "I ain't taking all the blame," he said. "I call the plays, but I can't handle the ball."

Florida State continues to have its troubles also. The Seminoles were done in this time by Colorado State, which got 158 yards and one touchdown from Ron Harris in a 14-7 victory.

Following South Carolina's 20-14 loss to Oiler, Paul Dietzel announced he would retire at the end of the season. The Gamecocks, in this year of "Total Excitement," are 0-2. Their fans have fed on similar false hopes throughout Dietzel's nine-year tenure. Dietzel says he made the decision to step out during the summer but will stay on as athletic director.

The Oiler victory featured a sensational performance by Larry Martinez, who gained 199 yards in 36 carries and scored all three Blue Devil touchdowns.

North Carolina and North Carolina State posted easy wins in the Atlantic Coast Conference. The Tar Heels jumped on Wake Forest 31-0 and the Wolfpack came from behind to stomp Clemson 31-10. State trailed 10-9 at the half, but zoomed into control as Fullback Stan Fritts scored three touchdowns. Scott Gardner threw four scoring passes, three to Split End Ken Shelton, as Virginia came from behind to beat William & Mary 38-28.

1. Alabama (2-0)
2. Florida (2-0) 3. N.C. State (3-0)

SOUTHWEST Miami has just joined Santa Ana on the Southwest Conference enemies list. Last year the Hurricanes opened with an upset victory over Texas. This season they nearly blew the lid off the Astrodome by defeating Houston 20-3.

"People who think this was a fluke are going to be surprised," said Middle Guard Rubin Carter. "We're going to take it right through the season this time."

Last time, which is to say last year, Miami fozzled to a 5-6 finish. But early in the week Coach Pete Elliott proclaimed this team to be better than the Illinois and California squads he led to the Rose Bowl. Sophomore Don Martin and senior Woody Thompson scored the Hurricane touchdowns on runs of one and four yards and freshman Chris Dennis kicked a pair of 22-yard field goals. The defense was bolstered by Carter, who had 12 tackles, and Eddie Edwards, who sacked Cougar Quarterback David Hussmann five times.

The game may have raised more questions about Houston than it answered about Miami, however. This was the Cougars' second loss in three games. They were 11-1 last year.

continued

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and many people expected them to be even better this season.

When Roosevelt Leaks underwent knee surgery last spring, Texas Coach Darrell Royal said there was no way the All-America fullback could return by the fall. Leaks said he not only could, but would. And he was right. But he did not know he would be back in the lineup as a halfback. Leaks made his appearance on the Longhorns' second possession against Wyoming and contributed a touchdown to the 34-7 romp. The man who replaced him at fullback, heralded freshman Earl Campbell, tallied a touchdown also. Another freshman, Groyln Wyatt, scored two TDs and rushed for 127 yards in 11 carries. Leaks gained 54 in seven and Campbell 54 in 10.

Quarterback Ricky Wesson ran for two touchdowns and passed for another to lead Southern Methodist to a 28-25 victory over Virginia Tech. Wesson's scoring toss was a 35-yarder to Oscar Roan with 2:53 remaining in the first half. Then, with 25 seconds left, he sneaked in from the one to give the Mustangs a 14-7 lead. SMU was still ahead, 21-17 early in the fourth quarter, when Wesson got loose on a 77-yard romp that put the game on ice.

The week's most confused scoring summary came from Houston, where Cincinnati's Larry Rice recovered a blocked punt in the end zone for a touchdown as Cincinnati beat Rice 28-21. Nobody named Cincinnati had a thing for the Owls, although sophomore James Sykes did run back a kick-off 97 yards for a touchdown. It was the third such dasher of his career.

1. Texas (2-0)

2. Texas A&M (2-0) 3. Texas Tech (1-0-1)

MIDWEST

The Big Ten has lost many a skirmish in its ongoing battle with the Big Eight for regional supremacy, but last week roles were reversed.

Wisconsin, a member of the league's second echelon, went right to the Big Eight's jugular in upsetting Nebraska 21-20. The fourth-ranked Cornhuskers were coming off a 64-7 massacre of Oregon, and the only nose the Badgers have made in the 12 seasons since they played in the Rose Bowl was in 1969 when they ended a winless string of 23 games by defeating Iowa.

Wisconsin was helped more than a little by the hip injury that sent Nebraska Quarterback Dave Hamm out of the game in the first quarter. Hamm's replacement, Earl Everett, could not provide the passing attack the Cornhuskers needed so desperately. The Badgers pulled it off by sandwiching a 22-yard Nebraska field goal in the fourth quarter between a pair of touchdowns. The first came on a one-yard drive by Bill Marek, the second on a 77-yard pass from Gregg Boh-

lg to Jeff Mack with 3:29 remaining. "It was a simple one and up, something we do every day," Wisconsin Coach John Jandine said. "If the cornerback plays left too close, he goes upright. He played too close and Gregg got the ball over him."

Nebraska still had plenty of time to score again but Everett hurried a screen pass and Steve Wagner was there to pick it off.

Wisconsin was not the only Big Ten team to score a major upset as Iowa took care of 12th-ranked UCLA 21-10. This one may have been even more unexpected since the Hawkeyes had lost 12 games in a row. New Coach Bob Commings turned Iowa around with some vivid reminders of the '50s, when the Hawkeyes won two Big Ten titles under Forest Evashevski. First, he made his team look like the Iowa of old by ordering similar uniforms. Then he unveiled Evashevski's old wing-T offense, the one in which he himself had been a guard. But Commings added his own touches as well, a "Bubble 50" defense and a slogan right out of the Bible.

"You will win," he told his team when it came in at halftime with a 14-3 lead. "You are the chosen people."

Iowa's defense turned Middle Linebacker Andre Jackson into a standup nose guard two yards off the ball. It limited Bruin Quarterback John Scarras to 31 yards rushing and 82 passing—compared to the 350 yards of offense he rolled up against Tennessee three weeks before.

Scarras's counterpart, Rob Pick, produced 154 yards and touchdown passes to Dave Jackson and Mark Fetter. The Hawkeyes kept it with a 91-yard scoring drive just before the end. Commings admitted he did not see much of the last minute and a half. "I've got bad eyes," he said, "and when I'm crying I can't see worth a damn."

Meanwhile, at the top of the Big Ten, Ohio State and Michigan were gallivanting as usual. The Buckeyes demolished Oregon State 51-10 and Michigan skunked Colorado 31-0. Elsewhere, Michigan State topped Syracuse 19-0, Minnesota edged by North Dakota of the small-college ranks 42-30, Purdue battled Miami of Ohio to a 7-7 tie and Indiana suffered its ninth straight loss, 35-20 against Arizona.

Oregon State got off to the perfect loser's start, fumbling the opening kickoff, and the Buckeyes were on their way to the first of seven touchdowns. Archie Griffin gained 134 yards in 16 carries and his younger brother Raymond scored twice in his first college game. Michigan came out throwing against Colorado, 11 completions in 17 attempts, one of them for a touchdown. A school record 88-yard punt return by Dave Brown opened the scoring.

Michigan State got two fourth-quarter touchdowns from Tailback Rich Bates and a 30-yard scoring pass from Charles Buggitt to Mike Jones.

Sophomore Quarterback Tony Dungy led Minnesota with four TD passes and 273 yards of total offense. Miami of Ohio had won 13 straight entering the Purdue game, but the Redskins narrowly avoided defeat on Steve Santee's 35-yard scoring pass to Ricky Taylor in the last three minutes.

An aerial bombardment also brought down Indiana, which twice held one-touchdown leads. Bruce Hill won it for Arizona by completing 10 of 14 passes for 169 yards and three touchdowns. He added 63 more yards and another score on 12 carries.

Baylor has proved to be a tough challenge

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Senior Quarterback Gregg Bohlg led Wisconsin to its second straight victory, a stunning 21-20 upset of fourth-ranked Nebraska. Bohlg completed 14 of 21 passes for 242 yards and touchdowns of nine and 77 yards.

DEFENSE: Navy Reverback Chet Mosler, a 6-foot, 185-pound junior, keyed the Midde defense that ended Penn State's 13-game winning streak. Mosler had 13 tackles, three for losses, and recovered a fumble in the 7-6 victory.

in its two forays into the Big Eight. Two weeks ago it gave Oklahoma a struggle before falling 28-11. Last week the Bears entered the fourth quarter of their game with Missouri in a 21-21 standoff. Then the Tigers took the situation in hand by marching 73 yards to the winning touchdown, which came on Joe Stewart's plunge from the one.

A freak play had enabled Baylor to keep the score close. On second and goal at the one in the third quarter, Missouri Fullback Ray Bybee fumbled and Defensive Back Charles McClanahan picked the ball out of the air and fed 96 yards for a touchdown.

"I was proud we were able to come back from the tie," Missouri's Al Onfrain said afterward. "That's what you look for in a football team. We were going for a crunch touchdown and they wound up scoring instead of us." Baylor managed only two first downs in the second half as Linebacker Scott Pickens and Tackle Mark Johnson each made 14 tackles. Steve Beard of Baylor still was able to lead all ball carriers with 134 yards.

Kansas State also won outside the conference, 17-0 over Wichita State. In the Mid-American Conference, Bowling Green stepped out to beat Dayton 41-21 but Toledo led to Villanova 7-0. Dave Preston tied a league record for Bowling Green by scoring five touchdowns on runs of three, one, two, 15 and nine yards—all in the second half.

1. Ohio State (2-0)

2. Metro State (2-0) 3. Michigan (2-0)

Billy drains another Jug

Haughton père beat his own son and two of his own horses, as well as the early favorite, driving Armbrø Omaha to victory in the pacing classic

Nothing changes at the Little Brown Jug. The scene remains the same, reproduced year after year as if it were on canvas, the green and white grandstand, rickety but neat, like an old man in a clean shirt and tie nodding in the Ohio sun, the dilapidated barns spotted with the shining tack and equipment of the prosperous horsemen; the rambunctious crowd that jams the backstretch, and the sedate, country folk who sit in lounge chairs along the track fence. Even the popcorn man is the same. Clarence Reiber has come to the Delaware County Fair each of his last 59 years, sleeping on a table below the grandstand and hustling popcorn and peanuts and scrounging for betting tips around the stables.

And the race last Thursday evoked memories, too. Billy Haughton won the \$132,630 mile pacing classic for the fifth time in his 29-year history. He drove Armbrø Omaha from behind in two consecutive heats to become the third man ever to win both the Hambletonian and the Little Brown Jug in the same year. The owners in his stable consider him the greatest thing since the tax deduction. One who stood near him in the Jug winner's circle said, "Billy, you find the horses and we'll buy them." Haughton smiled in the manner of a teen-age baby-sitter told that the refrigerator had an open-door policy.

During the Jug's first years, wives of the drivers and track officials gathered in the log cabin that still serves as the racing secretary's office and sang songs and read poetry—although anyone who was there is loath to admit it now and thringe away her age. Wayne (Curly) Smart, behind Ensign Hanover, won the first Jug in 1946 and last week, now 70 years old and retired as a driver, he was out at the racetrack early each morning, directing the maintenance of its fast half-mile surface. Nothing changes at the Little Brown Jug.

There are richer pacing races, but none has its unique character. "Where else could you have horses being walked

through the betting lines on their way to the post?" asked Dotie Haughton, Billy's wife, watching the grooms push their way through the crowd jammed up in front of the mutual windows along the backstretch.

Seventeen horses were entered this year, which meant splitting the race into two divisions, the top four finishers from each heat returning for the final. To win the Jug, a horse must win two heats.

The preface banter listed Boyden Hanover as the favorite. Driver George Sholtz originally bought the big colt for someone else, but when the prospective owner reneged, Sholtz kept the horse, sold half of it, and he wound up with the 2-year-old pacer of the year last season. A story like this is why people sift through discarded mutual tickets. Sholtz showed up at Delaware dressed fit to win: white shoes, double-knit hell-bottoms, custom-tailored accessories and a lace shirt. "Remember the days when they all chewed tobacco?" asked an oldtimer.

Billy Haughton remembers. He won his first Jug in 1955. Now Billy's 20-year-old son Peter is a promising driver on the Grand Circuit himself. Peter has collected a quarter of a million dollars in prize money this season. Last month he won the rich and prestigious Prix d'Ete in Montreal, driving Armbrø Omaha. In that race, his father drove Armbrø Omaha to second place in the first heat. In the second, he won with the filly Handle With Care and decided to drive her in the final as well. Edgy because of his son's relative inexperience and wary of an owner's displeasure, Billy approached veteran driver and old friend Delvin Miller about steering Omaha in the final.

"Listen," Del told him, "you let Peter drive him. He can do as well as anyone." It is no coincidence at all that Peter's middle name is Delvin, but after he won the Prix d'Ete all notions of nepotism and favoritism were forgotten.

The Haughton stable had four horses entered in last week's Jug and on the morning of the race Peter was sitting in

the stable's trailer in front of the barn, waiting for his father to arrive and tell him which horse he would drive.

"I'll drive Armbrø Omaha," said Billy when he walked in. "I know you want him, but that's the way it is. You take Keystone Presto in the second heat."

In the first elimination, Catch Driver Mike Gagliardi guided Bret's Star, another Haughton entry, to victory in 1:58, catching favored Title Holder at the top of the stretch and winning by nearly six lengths. Bret's Star has a lot of speed but is sometimes untidy. "He shows so much speed that every once in a while he'll make a break," said Gagliardi.

The second elimination went the way Billy Haughton wanted it. Boyden Hanover took the lead just before the half-mile pole but Armbrø Omaha caught him halfway up the stretch and won going away in 1:57. Young Peter, meanwhile, could do no better than fifth in the same heat with Keystone Presto.

For the final his father put Peter behind Belmont Shadow, the horse Billy had driven to a third-place finish in the first elimination. That gave the Haughton stable three horses in the showdown it helped.

George Sholtz pushed Boyden Hanover quickly on top although he was trying to save him as much as possible. Bret's Star had started poorly and would never be a factor, so Sholtz's scheme for making a stretch drive appeared sound. But after the half-mile pole, Pete Haughton came challenging up on the outside, his father right behind. Rather than let Pete take the lead, which would mean the Haughtons could put a tag on Sholtz reading "Do Not Open Until Christmas," Sholtz urged Boyden Hanover on.

Billy did the same thing to Armbrø Omaha, and he responded beautifully, even though they had to go three-wide to get up to Sholtz and Boyden Hanover. They caught the leader at the top of the stretch and from there until a few steps before the wire the horses were neck and neck. The time was 1:58½.

"I had him where I wanted him when he went three-wide, but he was too strong," said Sholtz. "It's hard when you have to beat three of the Haughton entries, but that's racing. You have to beat them all."

And that is what Billy Haughton has been doing this year. At the Little Brown Jug, nothing had changed.

END



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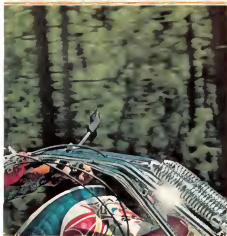
The sales of Western shirts have increased 500% in the last year," says Marvin Pooley of H Bar C Ranchwear, "even though 80% of the men buying them have never been near a horse." But such illogic doesn't seem to matter; a lot of men who wear polo shirts wouldn't know a mallet from a maul. For whatever reason, Western shirts are loose upon the land, perhaps proving the old suspicion that there is a little bit of cowboy in everybody. One of the newest designers in the game has a whole lot of cowboy in him: last March, Larry Mahan, six-time World Champion All-Around Cowboy, got together with the Madman Shirt Company in Los Angeles to whip up 30 shirts that will be called Larry Mahan's Wild West. "They are authentic," he insists. "To stay tucked in, they have extra-long shirttails and they have seven buttons instead of six. We put them through the cowboy's torture test, even got them hung up on some bulls. Chances are that you can break up your body—but at least your shirt still stays in one piece."



on the range

Champion cowboy Mahan wears one of his own Wild West shirts at top center. The double yoke, he says, shields against the sun.

The railbirds at far left wear various working shirts, while at center freestyle skier Bill O'Leary cycles away in a more expensive, leather-trimmed model custom-made by Duffy Lyon.



An oldtime favorite among speedo riders was revered by Mahan (above). "Friends are always borrowing shirts," he says. "Sometimes I got them back with six different laundry marks."

Satin shirts like the one Mahan is wearing at far left are more than just fancy. "I had a friend ride a bull wearing one," he says, "and he claims it is bull-repellent. The center tried to hook him and the horns just slid right off. Didn't even mark up the shirt."

Maybe his Wild West predecessor wouldn't have been shot dead in one, but former Olympic racer Billy Kidd (center) fancies satin cowboy shirts, all of them custom-made by his wife, for Colorado spring skiing. A real Cowboy, Dallas running back Calvin Hill (left), gets in the swing with a Mahan-designed model cut with extra-long sleeves to provide more give.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

THE BOX



Tough enough to take good taste wherever you go.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

When *Courageous* crossed the finish line off Newport with the Australian challenger *Southern Cross* far astern, the gun heralding her victory might also have sounded the end of an era. For the 22nd time in 123 years a foreign invasion was defeated, this one the most meticulously organized and lavishly financed in history, raising once more the question: Can the America's Cup ever be lifted? If not, what is the reason for the U.S. invincibility? And, finally, in these days of soaring costs, will anyone ever have the temerity to try again in yachts that are magnificent racing machines but useless baubles when their moment of glory is over?

Southern Cross had arrived with unprecedented fanfare, partly because of her owner's penchant for publicity, partly because she was accompanied by a trial horse, *Gretel II*, which in 1970 most observers conceded to be faster than the defender, *Intrepid*. Reports from Down Under indicated that *Southern Cross* was a distinct improvement, and it also seemed that the organizer of the challenge, Alan Bond, a dynamic entrepreneur whose qualifications included considerable success in ocean racing, was going to avoid the mistakes of his Australian predecessor, Sir Frank Pucker.

Nothing happened to dispel the aura the Aussies had woven around their challenger while the American trials to select a defender went in progress. *Southern Cross* went impressively about her practice matches with *Gretel II* and then polished off the other overseas contender, *France*, in four straight races. Looking sleek and efficient, she occasionally fell in behind or off to the side of *Courageous* or *Intrepid* and seemed very competitive. But when the defender was chosen and the two met, an old adage again proved valid: it is absolutely impossible to tell how any two 12-meter yachts will fare until they meet in a match race.

The first two confrontations took place in generally light and fluky winds, conditions that made it possible the outcome was influenced by factors other than crew skill or boat speed. But race No. 3 was the true test both sides had been awaiting. In a clear, sparkling nor'wester *Courageous* led at the start and steadily increased her margin to 5:27 at the finish. On only one leg did *Southern Cross* gain; *Courageous* reveled in the windward work, while *Southern Cross* hobbyhorsed noticeably more, throwing spray and get-

ting nowhere. This made the outcome of the fourth race a foregone conclusion when U.S. starting specialist Dennis Conner put the *Cross* in his wake by 20 seconds. At the finish the margin had widened to 7:19. Of 24 legs sailed, *Southern Cross* had managed to go faster through the water on only three—two reaches and a run—for a total gain of 26 seconds out of an overall deficit of 19:51.

Obviously, *Southern Cross*' principal deficiency was boat speed. In 1970 the Aussies also made tactical mistakes, but each time Helmsman Bill Ficker on *Intrepid* looked astern he would find that *Gretel II* had again closed the gap to be on his tail. Thus, as George Hinman commented after his experience with *Mariner* this year, "No amount of organizational effort, crew skill or sails can overcome the handicap of a hull which can't be driven fast enough."

It is frequently asked why naval architects come up with noncompetitive boats. Perhaps the best answer is that design is neither a science nor an art. Bob Miller, the designer of *Southern Cross*, belongs to the intuitive school, trusting neither tank tests nor computers, while Brit Chance, who produced *Mariner*, went the other way—and in fairness to him, tank tests indicated he had achieved a super Twelve. Olin Stephens, the designer of *Courageous* and *Intrepid*, combines both approaches. Although generally conceded to be the world's foremost expert in analyzing tank data, he still scrutinizes the results with the eye of an artist and a seaman. Perhaps, in the final analysis, it is Stephens, the quiet man with the pencil, who as the hidden factor in America's supremacy. As far back as 1958, after *Columbus* had so decisively defeated *Sceptre*, a foreign competitor remarked, "No one will ever take away the cup so long as Olin Stephens is around."

Combined with design is the American dedication to a project. No outsider can conceive the amount of plain hard work and attention to detail that goes into a 12-meter yacht, or the technological back-

ground required: metallurgy, synthetics, sophisticated methods of fabrication and, recently, electronics. Then, after the boat is launched, begins crew drill as tough as any in sport. For many months practice sessions continue from early morning until dusk, until the 11-man team reacts almost automatically when the trials to select a defender begin. The trials themselves are another reason for American superiority. Almost invariably there is a close battle down to the wire, with the victor honed to a razor edge. Along with unsung winch grinders, credit also should go to the oft-maligned New York Yacht Club, whose members give unstintingly of time and money, yet are frequently derided for their dedication in protecting the cup.

This year *Courageous*' glory must in part be shared with *Intrepid*, her nip-and-tuck rival in the trials. Had Californian Gerry Driscoll and his organization not brought the supposedly outbuilt defender of 1967 and '70 East and pushed her newer sister to the limit, *Southern Cross* would have stood a better chance. *Courageous* syndacac head Bob McCullough said, "We felt we went into this series at maybe 98% efficiency, yet in every race *Courageous* improved, so we really don't know what might be the limit of her potential." Certainly Skipper Ted Hood, after taking over only on the final day of the final trials, seemed more in the groove with each race. Tactically, *Courageous* made almost no mistakes when the pressure mounted.

So now, whether the cup? It seems almost certain that *Courageous* does mark the end of an era. Lack of a self-bailing cockpit, numerous deck openings and placement of winches below render the current crop of Twelves uneconomical, as well as making it impossible to convert them to a useful later life. Already Stephens and Chance have been requested to undertake a study of possible alternatives, and McCullough, who is not only closely involved with the class but the upcoming commodore of the NYYC, pub-

continued

Can anyone win the mug?

In the aftermath of the Australian America's Cup defeat, the answer is no—until a designer outdoes Olin Stephens. That takes some outdoing



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BOATING continued

ically spoke of alternative solutions: first, a return to the less extreme 12-meters of an earlier vintage, say 1964, the year of the *Constellation* and *American Eagle*. The latter proved the basic seaworthiness of the type after being converted to an ocean racer. The other possibility would be a switch to the International Offshore Rule. This could produce yachts like the highly successful *Running Tide*, not dissimilar to the Twelves, but beefed up for offshore work and providing accommodations for racing and cruising.

Because the America's Cup is a trophy unique in yachting, I hope it will continue to be raced for by unique boats, under unique circumstances. The oceans are full of craft built to the IOR, and there are many established events open to them. But there is only one event for which yachts are specially constructed, representing an ultimate that the competing nations can produce, then raced round the buoys boat against boat in a best-of-seven-races series. To use offshore designs in the relatively sheltered waters near Newport would change the character of the competition, and to race for the America's Cup over an ocean course would end its prestige. Thus, I hope the lovely sleek Twelves can continue as a class, albeit modified somewhat in the interests of practicality. Should no challenge be forthcoming after a reasonable time, the New York Yacht Club might find a change necessary to keep cup racing alive, just as requirements which predicated the mighty prewar J boats were scaled down to permit racing with Twelves. Otherwise it might be better simply to retire the cup, an admission that an era and a way of life were finished.

But that day apparently has not yet arrived. In Newport last week was John Livingston, formerly of Australia but now living in England, clutching a model of *Korrewa VI* and eager to have a go at the Old Mug. His *Korrewa V* was eliminated during trials before the eventual challenger, *Sovereign*, in '64, but his case of cup fever rages unabated. Tank tests have been under way for three years, and Livingston intends to build a six-meter version for a half-size check as soon as his challenge is accepted. So, having survived wars, depressions and rising costs for more than a century, the cup continues viable, but it may be a long time before an invader finds the right wrench to unbolt it from its table in the New York Yacht Club.

END

IBM Reports

The global flow of technology

This country has long taken pride in its technological accomplishments. And rightly so. But, if we ever harbored the notion that technology belonged exclusively to America, that delusion was dispelled forever when a 184-pound instrument package called Sputnik I was launched in October of 1957.

Sputnik dramatically underscored the fact that technological innovation has never been confined to one nation, ours or any other.

Among the most significant developments during the remarkable period of technological achievement since World War II, major advances were made by Britain in exploring the universe through radio astronomy, by Austria in increasing steel production with the oxygen process of steelmaking, by West Germany in furthering automotive technology through development of the rotary engine, and by Japan and France in high-speed rail transportation. Other nations made similar strides.

During this same period, a sense of global interdependence, backed by policies encouraging freer trade, fostered a vital flow of inventions and ideas between nations. The whole world has benefited from this flow. The United States has benefited from it particularly.

For example, jet engines developed under licensing agreements with British companies were important factors in the outstanding success of American aircraft manufacturers in the world commercial aviation market.

IBM, like many other American companies, has patent cross-licensing agreements with foreign firms. In addition, scientists and engineers working at IBM's own laboratories outside the United States have contributed in major ways to the development and improvement of IBM products.

In fact, most of the computers that have come off IBM production lines have incorporated innovative technology developed by nationals of other countries.

Of course, the importance of the flow of inventions and ideas today extends far beyond any one or two industries, or any one or two countries. It is inextricably linked with the economic and social well-being of all nations, developed and underdeveloped alike.

We believe it important to preserve the spirit of international cooperation which has made possible such productive exchanges.

IBM

A case of beauty before age

Two Russians are meeting to see who will take on Bobby Fischer, and the younger man has the edge

Almost from the start of the long process of determining the next challenger for the chess championship of the world, it seemed likely that Anatoly Karpov and Viktor Korchnoi would meet to see which of them would face Bobby Fischer in 1975. And so indeed they are deciding the matter now, over the board at the Trade Union House in Moscow—just as predicted except for one niggling detail. The joker is that Fischer is no longer the world champion. Or says he isn't, at least, having resigned the title in June. And the idea of competing for a shot at the premier title in chess with the

greatest chess talent in the world no longer on the scene is so very bleak that the two would-be challengers prefer not to think about it. They assume, probably correctly, that Fischer's resignation was simply a tactical move in his running dispute with FIDE, the governing body of world chess, and that he will emerge, in due time, to do battle with the winner.

Both Karpov and Korchnoi are Russian and both are brilliant chess players—and there the similarities end. Korchnoi is 43, a stocky, muscular bear of a man with a peasant's physique and bombhome. Karpov is only 23, slender, anemic and gold-toothed. But Karpov was the favorite, and as the early going has proved, understandably so. In the first three games—whoever wins five is the winner—Karpov won one with the advantageous white pieces and drew two with the black, a distinct edge. A tournament player at nine, a master at 15, world junior champion and international master at 18 and a grandmaster a year later (there are fewer grandmasters of chess than there are cardinals in the Catholic Church), Karpov—or "Tolya," as he is called by friends—is the hope of the Russian Chess Federation to retrieve the crown from terrible Bobby.

This year opened auspiciously for Karpov. In January it was announced that the International Association of Chess Journalists had awarded him the chess "Oscar" of 1973, a trophy that goes to the player with the best overall score in all his match and tournament play in the preceding year. Karpov deserved the award. Before, during and after the Leningrad Interzonal, which helped to reduce the field of possible Fischer challengers to eight and in which he tied for first with Korchnoi, he played brilliant chess. In the next round, the quarterfinals, he faced the venerable Grandmaster Lev Polugayevsky and won 3-0 with five draws. In the semis he met Boris Spassky, who had made a comeback to take the Soviet national championship by a clear margin. Perhaps overconfident, Karpov dropped the first game, drew in the second and only managed to even the score in the third. There were two more draws in quick succession, then in the sixth game Karpov reversed a disadvantageous position and managed a win. He won crushingly, however, in the ninth game and finally took the match 4-1 with a victory in the 11th round. It was a fine triumph, though everyone, even Karpov

himself, agreed that Spassky had not played the best chess of his career.

Korchnoi has been unhappy that nobody, including his own countrymen, made much fuss over his record since Leningrad. "where everyone forgets I shared the first prize." If Karpov played well against Polugayevsky in his quarterfinal round, Korchnoi was just as impressive against an even tougher opponent, Henrique Mecking, nailing the 22-year-old Brazilian ace decisively, 3-1. He then went on to face Tigran Petrosian, who is not only one of the finest players in chess but one of the masters of the draw game. After five rounds Korchnoi had racked up an extraordinary three victories, one loss and, almost unbelievably, only one draw. At that point Petrosian resigned the match in "poor health."

If Korchnoi's record in tournaments and matches leading to the current confrontation was highly honorable and Karpov's was remarkable, it still helps to keep their performances in perspective. During and after the Leningrad Interzonal Korchnoi had 17 victories, 15 draws and three losses in a total of 35 games. Karpov's record was 17, 18 and one in 36 games. But on his way to challenging then-champion Spassky three years ago, Fischer's record was something else. He won the Palma de Majorca Interzonal tournament of 1970 with the unheard-of score of 18½ to 4½. He proceeded to flatten Mark Taimanov, the Russian grandmaster, 6-0, no draws. In the semifinals he met Bent Larsen, the best chess player, except for Fischer, outside the Soviet Union. The Dane, too, was beaten in six straight games. At that point—which is where Karpov and Korchnoi were at the start of their match—Fischer had 19 straight victories in grandmaster chess. He was on the crest of his miracle wave. By comparison the two current challengers are mere mortals.

Karpov has been talked about a great deal; talked about but not talked to. As chess pundit and Olympic Referee Isaac Kashdan has noted, the Russians are doing their best to maintain an aura of mystery and inaccessibility around "their Fischer." While Korchnoi received almost no notice from Russian officials, Karpov was handled like a secret weapon.

Korchnoi has not been amused by the gambit. He has been a major figure on the chess scene for more than two decades and has been in contention for the world



KARPov LOOKS FRail, PLAYS TOUGH



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title on several occasions, though never this close before. The beamide has it that chess players begin in their teens, peak in the decade between 25 and 35, plateau for another 10 years or so and then gradually decline. So at 43 Korchnoi is nearly over the hill in international competition. For this reason and because he is a far more likable fellow than the sullen, often Fischer-like Karpov, Korchnoi started the match carrying the hopes and sympathies of most of the current grandmasters. But that did not make him any less the underdog. "I must beat that little boy," Korchnoi said this summer, "to show people how wrong they are in underestimating me. I am not like Spassky and Petrosian, who reached their peaks a while back and are now fighting just to stay afloat. I am now at the height of my powers as a chess player."

Understandably, Korchnoi lays great emphasis on a chess master's physical strength and stamina, his own condition standing in strong contrast to that of the angular, wan Karpov whose slight frame breathes of insufficiency. Karpov himself admits his greatest weakness "is my physical condition. I have been trying to make myself stronger by exercises, but I still have to work on it." Yury Averbakh, president of the Soviet Chess Federation and himself a grandmaster, does not agree. "Karpov has a good nervous condition for chess," he says. "He knows how to be emotionless and patient. Emotions can disturb a good player. Korchnoi, for example, is emotional. But Tolya knows how to sit quietly, like a good angler. He waits patiently for the fish to take his bait. He knows when to set the hook and how to fight the fish." In truth neither of them is what could be called an "antsy" chess player. Korchnoi hunkers down over a board with his thick neck and double chin, like some placid Buddha. Similarly, Karpov displays all the tension and feeling of an IBM Mark VI computer.

For his part, Karpov feels no special animosity toward Korchnoi, and before the match was thinking more about Fischer than about his fellow Russian. Karpov concedes that Fischer will be unbeatable. "I believe Fischer will beat the challenger in 1975, whoever it may be," he says. "But I hope to dethrone him in 1978. Six years of rule will be enough for him." Korchnoi also thinks Fischer is unbeatable and agrees that Karpov may have the best chance against the Ameri-

can in 1978, though not in 1975. With peculiar Russian logic Korchnoi argues that he intends to defeat Karpov to spare the young genius the "catastrophe" of a shutout defeat by Fischer.

Karpov and Korchnoi have faced each other five times over the board. Before this series each had scored two wins, and the other match had been a draw. Their current match, which will last a maximum of 24 games if neither gains five victories, will thus be decisive.

From a technical standpoint the match sets two entirely different styles of chess against each other. The paradox of Karpov and Korchnoi is that, although the chess world reveres the former's youth, everyone describes his game as that of an old man, while Korchnoi, who is always spoken of in terms of his great experience, plays an attacking, energetic "youthful" style. Karpov, says Kashdan, "is the classic positional player in the manner of Capablanca. He takes the most minute positional advantages and patiently exploits them into a win." William Hartston, the British master and chess theoretician, puts it differently: "Karpov is a boa constrictor who squeezes his opponent to death—effective but undramatic." Says U.S. Grandmaster Robert Byrne, "The only way to play Karpov successfully is to try to rough him up. You have to choose openings and select lines with a great many counterattacking possibilities."

If anyone can do this, it is Viktor Korchnoi. "I am nothing if I am not an fighter," he has said, adding that he would beat Karpov "with my energies." Virtually all the current major grandmasters agree that Korchnoi's style produces devious, complex games with little thought given to positional esthetics or higher strategy. "Capablanca may be Karpov's model," Korchnoi says, "but Lasker is mine. The old German tiger didn't see chess as art or science or psychology, but as sport—a rough sport."

But Tolya Karpov is not afraid, nor, as the match moved along, did it seem he had reason to be. If Bobby Fischer's resignation should prove to be irrevocable, the world title—for whatever it will then be worth—may hang on the outcome. Karpov is a genius of chess, and he is young. If it were not for Fischer, he would probably be the world's best player as well as the world champion in 1975. But chances are he will have to wait a few years.

END



HEIRS OF JUDGE LANDIS

The commissioners of major sports are men of rectitude and imperturbable mien. Now, in relaxed and occasionally irreverent conversation, the four bare a few of their secrets

by FRANK DEFORD

Commissioner has quite an un-American ring to it, a medieval or even Bolshevik flavor—one thinks immediately of off-with-his-head—but ever since 1921, when Federal Judge Kentsaw Mountain Landis was ordained commissioner (of baseball), the title and the men who assume it have become another fine orthodoxy of our American games. For a long time the leader of the National Basketball Association was designated “president,” but since the term commissioner had become so utterly ingrained in the national consciousness, the title had to be formally changed in order to conform with the public misunderstanding.

The National Hockey League remains a semantic hold-out in these affairs, but the man who is technically the NHL’s “president and treasurer” is recognized by everyone else as its commissioner (as he will be here). Commissioners rule sports. Not just baseball and the National Football League and the NBA and the NHL, but college conferences, Roller Derbies and Little Leagues. For years men with nothing better to do wrote the headline: DOES BOXING NEED A COMMISSIONER? Nowadays, any shaky new professional league feels obliged to appoint a commissioner.

Actually commissioners are limited in what they can accomplish and are even more circumscribed by misconceptions of their roles. The wizened ghost of Judge Landis looms o’er all and diminishes, by heroic comparison, any achievement. Whether or not the Judge was as wise and as bold and as fearsome as his legend assures us, commissioners

these days are raised up against that impossible standard.

There are parallels between the sports commissioners and the church. Just as archbishops tend to be more comfortable with the clergy than the laity, commissioners tend to be more at ease with team owners than with the sporting laity—the players and fans. And not surprisingly. Bowie Kuhn once was a league counsel, Pete Rozelle a team general manager, Walter Kennedy a former PR man and Clarence Campbell, of all things, a referee. They were elevated to their current positions by the owners and, quite naturally, come home to roost among them on most issues.

And not to be cynical, but archbishop and commissioner are not your high-turnover positions. Although it has been 53 years since the vocation *cum* sainthood was created for Judge Landis, only 13 men have served as commissioners of the four major leagues. The time when well-known generals and politicians could be selected to preside amably over a national pastime is gone.

In the future relative unknowns like Kuhn will be chosen to head up a sport, to give it the peak years of their professional lives as they try to untie Gordian knots in public for large amounts of money and abuse.

Probably never again will we have commissioners as time-tested, if not exactly as venerable, as the current four. Kuhn, five years in office, is way junior among these survivors; Kennedy has lasted 11 years, Rozelle 14, Campbell 28. Now quickly, before the colors fade, before Kennedy and Campbell are replaced by passing functionaries, it is worth meeting them and learning how they perceive their jobs and, after a fashion, themselves. It will never again be this way with commissioners.

From left to right: Football's Alvin Rozelle, Basketball's Walter Kennedy, Hockey's Clarence Campbell and Baseball's Bowie Kuhn.

CONTINUED

The offices of the National Hockey League, alone among the big four, are located outside Manhattan. They are in Montreal in Suite 920 of the Sun Life Building, a cold marble edifice on Dominion Square, where the NHL has made its headquarters since 1933. Clarence Campbell came there in 1946, returning from the war, a 41-year-old bachelor, and took over the six-team league.

The NHL offices are lively and cluttered in a way none of the commissioners' quarters in New York are. They are rather like a clubhouse. The reception room has a round white rug inlaid with the orange-and-black league shield, and on the wall behind the receptionist are shields of all the teams, arranged by division. The reading material for visitors consists almost entirely of copies of *Hockey News*, plus the odd *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* or *Sport* that featured a hockey cover.

"I think it would be a total repudiation of the game if they shifted the office to New York," Campbell says. He is a lean six feet, the only one of the commissioners with a rugged aspect. He does not mind his Christian name. "When I got it, the Prince of Wales had it too," he says. (How do we account for the fact that our four sports commissioners

are named Clarence, Alvin, Walter and Bowie?) Clarence wears pleated blue suit pants, a plain white shirt and a blue-black regimental stripe tie with a pearl tie tack. His clear blue eyes have the appearance of binoculars, accented as they are by dark eyebrows under white swept-back hair. He has his glasses off and is twirling them as he talks in an even voice:

"If I hadn't gotten out of college when times were so bad, I'm sure I never would have gotten here. The rest of my class had the benefit of three years of prosperity before the Depression. I didn't because you see I took this scholarship and..."

Would this scholarship be a Rhodes?

"Yes, it would. I came back from Oxford at 24 with four degrees, but the best job I could get was \$75 a month. But I got a job refereeing in Alberta at \$5 a game. Pretty good. Yes sir, pretty good for a fellow making \$75 a month. You see, I wasn't ever much good at hockey, but I was good enough to play European hockey. I was the captain at Oxford two years, and when we got knocked out in this tournament in Switzerland, they needed someone to referee and invited me to. It was purely on an *ad hoc* basis, no rewards. But they gave me an enormous bundle of roses—for Christ's sake, there must have been 50. For doing a fine job—so they said, anyway.

"When I finally got into refereeing in the NHL, it was great because I was still practicing law, and this was a real door opener. Being a referee has been enormously valuable to me here. As a referee, you condition yourself to accept criticism. You learn to live in an atmosphere of hostility. As a commissioner, you're almost like an official. From the start everything is against you, and you better understand that. The owners are enormously jealous of your power. I'm always fighting one or the other of them, but that's O.K. as long as you're not fighting the same guy constantly.

"My time in the Army affected me, too. If you want to run a really effective operation, you can't have more than three echelons of staff. We have 13 people, and everybody must learn his boss' job. Mrs. Turritt, my secretary, Mrs. Hilda Turritt, she could run this league for two years and nobody would know I was gone. She's been here 19 years and never missed half a day. I married my first secretary after nine years. I learned to appreciate her values as well as her shortcomings.

"I went into the war as a private at 34 years old. After it was over, I stayed in to help with the war trials. Now please, don't say I was at Nürnberg. There were other trials. I was never near that damn place. It was while I was still over there that I first started to hear from Red Dutton, who was running the league then, about being his assistant. Well, we finally worked it out and I came in the Tuesday morning after Labor Day. Yes, '46.

"When Red got to the office, we hardly had time to shake hands before we had to go to the Windsor Hotel for a league meeting. As we were walking out of here across Dominion Square, Red turned and said, 'By the way, when we get over there, I'm going to resign and recommend you for presi-



Commissioner Campbell wooed and wed his first secretary.

ident of the league.' That was the first I heard of it, or anybody did for that matter. So they voted on it and raised my salary from \$7,500 to \$10,000, and put me in charge.

"Since I was over 40 and it seemed about the last chance I'd have to start something new, I asked for two years' income guaranteed, which would enable me to have the time to rehabilitate myself at something else if they let me go. I'm pretty adaptable. I'm pragmatic. There's nothing romantic about me."

Campbell's office is much the smallest among his peers. It is a simple, unpretentious place, as might be expected of a commissioner who never even had his own living quarters until he married Phyllis King in '55; he just roomed with a family up in Mount Royal. His office walls are splattered with pictures of odd shapes and subjects. Campbell has two desks joined in an L, and each is covered with litter. On his No. 1 desk he has a stack of reading material almost two feet high.

"Since 1967," he says, "I've also kept an office in my apartment, which is about a mile from here; nearly all the day-to-day business is done on the telephone anyway. Our paper is primarily confirmatory, so I can do a lot at home. I'm not much of a holiday guy. My idea of a vacation is just to get anywhere away from the telephone. The last three years have practically knocked me out. The litigation. Why, litigation takes up 75% of my time. Seventy-five percent! Seldom do any of us get out of here before 11. But this job is my hobby. A lot of people think I'm a queer for working the way I do, but the greatest single factor in my life has always been the work ethic. I never remember being inactive."

"There is no way anyone can train for this job. The next commissioner must be a lawyer, or he must have permanent counsel in the office. You're like a judge, setting precedents. It is essential to make clear rulings. It is an enormous advantage to have been trained as a lawyer. I never had any doubt, either, that I wanted to be a lawyer. I had no formal teaching from grade nine through 12—just help from the principal. This was in Saskatchewan. But I had an excellent childhood, excellent. If you live in a small town, as I did, you are the center of everything if you can do things well."

"Yes, everyone wants to hear about the Maurice Richard suspension [in 1955]. This was after he had the fight in Boston, but it is important to remember that I had warned him after an almost identical incident in Toronto three weeks prior. I warned him I would suspend him if it ever happened again. He had been making a profit out of every fine I laid on him. If I fined him \$250, he'd get \$2,500 [in donations]. You could not tolerate this frustration of league authority. And the violence in the league then had reached an alarming stage."

"The blood had to stop. I'd drive to games with the owners, and they were petrified at what might happen on the ice, but they were frightened that I would monkey with a good product."

"Now, there was a precedent for not carrying a suspension into the playoffs, for starting it up again the next reg-



Commissioner Rozelle often is served creamed chipped beef.

ular season. I thought that was a helluva poor decision, and I haven't changed my mind to this day. It had to be all or nothing. You've got to remember that this coincided with an enormous sociological upheaval. It was just the beginning of the French movement, and the only man in Quebec better known than Richard was the Prime Minister."

"But, no, I wasn't scared. It never occurred to me not to go to the game the night after I suspended him. I took the lady who is now my wife and her sister and another girl. There was a mob assembled out front of The Forum, but we walked the gauntlet. You see, they were taken as much by surprise by me as I was by them. It reminded me of once, years before, when I refereed a game in Trail, B.C. We were coming out of the Fruit Show Building in the Italian end, and the fans were mad at some of my decisions and waiting for me. Another official, Pat McIntyre, said, 'I'll take your bag and you take the scabards off your skates.' And I did. Carried one in each hand. It was pretty much the same feeling this time going into The Forum."

"But inside I didn't feel so secure. They were throwing things. Vegetables—ripe vegetables. Some bottles smashed in front of me, and then I knew I was in trouble. I sug-

continued

gested the girls go, and they did, except my wife—the lady who was to become my wife. The crescendo of hostility rose, and then between periods this fellow coaxed the ushers and came up to me. I wasn't sure about him so when he offered his hand, I grabbed it firmly, which surprised him, and when he swung at me it didn't even knock off my hat, although it did shake it a little. And then I pushed him away with my foot. I had the advantage of a better angle.

"It's funny but until I made that decision I was never really acknowledged as the head of the NHL. Still, I've never aspired to be Landis or anything of that sort. I've taken the attitude that I was an executive director of the enterprise.

"There've been so many fortuitous developments in my career, and the fact that I never had any children—well, they would have delimited so many of the other satisfying experiences I have had. Before there was so damn much work here, I was president of my club, head of a hospital. I was pretty good at curling. And I

had an eight handicap in golf for five years. Now I do see the Expos fairly regularly, and I still get to read some. I like historical books. I only watch TV once in a while; I haven't seen a movie in five or six years. And I've had all these operations. The hole in my stomach was cured right away when we found out what was responsible—aspirin. I would get tired and use aspirin as a juice pill, and it burned the hole. Two years ago I had a gallbladder and a bladder operation, and, as residual of that, bronchitis. I'm 175 now, but I've been as high as 210. I have to keep a protein diet, but I'm not fussy. I never leave anything on my plate. For drinking, I'm a vodka man.

"For sleeping, I'm always in the raw. I used to have to own some pajamas because we traveled by train in the league then and you had to have something to wear on the trains, but since we stopped going on trains, hell, I don't even know if I have any pajamas left."

The National Football League occupies two floors at a Park Avenue address. Commissioner Alvin (Pete) Rozelle's NFL Properties is on the 12th floor, while on the 13th—so numbered—Rozelle shares space with his NFL Films. The reception area is stark and forbidding, with nothing remotely suggesting sports. It looks more like a high-interest loan office. The receptionist is sequestered behind a three-foot wall, which is topped by another three or four feet of glass (presumably bullet-proof), and her major duty is to electronically unlock the doors to the NFL and NFL Films for approved visitors.

There is no reading material in the stockade, just a lone long sofa and a potted palm, and constant dialogue on the same theme as the elevators disgorging passengers at this vault-office: "Wait. I have to buzz you in." "Will you buzz me?" "Can you buzz me in there?" "No, I can't buzz you in Films. I can only buzz you in my door or on the other side." And so on.

Not even Commissioner Rozelle can enter without being recognized and buzzed. He then passes through another recep-

tion area, this one roomier and friendlier, but lying fallow since no one can reach it. Rozelle's own office is simply huge, much the largest among the commissioners, but utterly unremarkable. "I haven't done a lot with it," he admits, although he has been here since 1968. There are a desk, a couple of personal photographs, just the right amount of tasteful, comfortable furniture, one small table statue of a football player and nothing else. The walls are stained dark, the rug light. There is not a single picture on the walls, no ornamentation at all. There is nothing in this place where Pete Rozelle spends much of his life to reveal anything about him—who he is or what he does.

"When I became commissioner in 1960," he says, "the offices were located in Philadelphia. They weren't even in Philadelphia, but in a suburb—Bala-Cynwyd. We had four full-time employees and an elderly Kelly Girl. I didn't know what the hell I was doing—I was only 33—but I thought we better move to New York. One of the older employees told me that wouldn't be very wise, since if I stayed in Bala-Cynwyd I wouldn't get bothered like I would in New York, but I figured it was better to be bothered.

"Now we have 40 full-time employees in this section, plus the people in our liaison office, Films and Properties. In the beginning I used to go to all 12 training camps, but now I don't even get to all 26 cities in a year. And that's good. You can waste too much time traveling. I travel more in the season, showing the flag. Curiously, that's the most placid time of the year. Our people are too busy to get into trouble then. You think back, almost all the controversial things have happened out of season. Well, yes, playing games that Sunday after President Kennedy died, that was in season. But I don't think of that as controversy, just distasteful.

"I'll tell you a story about that. Some people think I'm Italian—that you pronounce the *e*, Ro-zel-li—just the way some people feel they should address me as Peter, although that's not my name. I was christened Alvin, but I had an uncle who was nice enough to start calling me Pete. Anyway, Ben Scott, who used to play for the Redskins and Eagles, told me recently that he had punched a teammate out on the Kennedy Sunday who had said something like "that goddamn



Commissioner Kennedy was a politician from the start.

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Dago" because he thought I was Italian. Scott took exception to the remark because he is Italian. He was not exactly defending me.

"Actually, Rozelle is French Huguenot. We got out and came to New Orleans and then went up the Mississippi and finally migrated to Southern California around the turn of the century. When I got the Ram PR job after I got out of the University of San Francisco, I thought that would be it for me. I had wanted to be a writer before that and I had been a high school stringer for the [Los Angeles] Times. I remember thinking the greatest job in the world was one held by a guy named John de la Vega. He covered high school and junior college sports for the Times. That was the job I had really wanted, John de la Vega's.

"It's funny how timing works. I was always in the right place. I left the Ram job to go into a PR firm, and that matured me. I never would have gotten the Ram general manager's job if I had

stayed on with them as a publicity man, and then, of course, I wouldn't have gotten this job. I only got this because I was so young I hadn't had time to alienate anybody.

"Seven clubs wanted Marshall Leahy of San Francisco, but there was another bloc dead set against him because he wanted to move the office to the West Coast. Well, the owners started to feel the pressure. They were down there in Florida for 10 days and couldn't reach a decision. The newspapers were on them. So Tim Mara and Paul Brown came to me. It happened quickly and was a total shock to me. I hardly knew some of the owners before this except to talk to on the phone, and I'd been quiet the 10 days. So they decided let's pick somebody, and that will give us time to look around if he doesn't work out.

"My being so young helped. People were more willing to give me a chance. And Bert Bell had such stature that nobody was expecting much from me. So people were tolerant. Different possibilities have come up for me since then, but there's nothing else I want to do. I made up my mind before I signed a 10-year contract last February."

So this is your life's work?

"I never thought of it quite that way before, but yes." Rozelle is now 48, but age has been kind to him. He has filled out some to 185 (at 6'2") and, although he certainly could not be called a handsome man, his face has rounded out and he no longer has a long, homely, austere visage. He is the only one of the four commissioners to talk really well, to know how to use inflection, and he also has much the best taste and frame for clothes: snappy blazer, striped shirt, bright tie with kidney designs, shoes by Gucci, matching belt for his tan doubleknit slacks.

His early professional success was marred by an unhappy marriage, now concluded, and he remarried last December (to Jack Kent Cooke's former daughter-in-law), a union that has taken him from the city to a Westchester County suburb and brought four children into an apartment life he used to

share with his one teen-age daughter.

He lights another of the four dozen Vantage cigarettes he smokes a day, and says, "The main frustrations are caused by internal problems. What gets publicized is the litigation, Congressional debate, a World Football League, when in fact most of your real problems are among the league clubs. That's why I feel so strongly about each of our teams having a 51% owner. I came from a situation with the Rams that didn't have that, and that's what's given me so much grief here. You may not get the greatest owner in the world, but if you have just one man to deal with you eliminate a lot of problems for yourself.

"The main job with owners is counseling them, educating them. We get 85 daily papers in this office plus magazines. We've got kids from high school as clippers and we're going into microfilm. This was important in getting the owners to accept this season's rules changes. We could show them clips revealing a general agitation for change.

"You just can't control things. I wouldn't want to see Judge Landis discredited, but that was a period of reform and he was able to act arbitrarily. Bowie would have no shot at that kind of behavior. None of us would. Litigation has become a way of life for me. It's an unpleasant way of life, but I'm inured to it now. We've had up to 20 antitrust suits thrown at us at one time; at present we're down to 12 or 13. We get 'em all the time. I was very uptight when the AFL sued us for \$10 million in 1962. It seemed like such a large amount of money. Now I just ask my attorneys when I have to give my next deposition.

"Being a lawyer is not requisite for this job. The first thing is to have a feel for sports, because sports is a unique business. The worst thing is the loss of privacy, but you just can't appreciate that until you're in a position where you're losing it. My daughter was funny about that. She was a clever little kid and she used to tease me about Joe Foss. She'd say, 'I don't think Joe Foss would have said that. I don't think Joe Foss would do that to me, Daddy.'

"Now the kids are after me to stop smoking. I may make another try after the player negotiations. But Carrie, my wife, says that I'll always have something to try it after. The last time I went three weeks, but I broke down on a cross-country flight when I was sitting alone hav-

continued



Commissioner Rozelle gets worried off his chest in garden.



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HEIRS *continued*

ing a drink. That's when you miss a cigarette the most, with a drink. I drink Scotch.

"I like variety in foods. Big steaks frighten me. For lunch, for instance, I like creamed chipped beef on toast. Really. I read the papers and newsmagazines, but my time to read is limited. I try to get to a few bestsellers. I don't see that many movies or much TV either. I do see an occasional game, baseball or something, and I've always liked track and field.

"I split my vacation, a week in the winter, then maybe one before the training camps. I love to sneak off to the Bahamas for some fishing—bonefish, marlin. I'm playing tennis again, too. I was on the team in high school and tried to take it up again, but that was just before the merger and I had to give up. Implementing that merger was the most difficult thing I've had to do. But I started up with tennis again recently and I met my wife playing it out on the Coast.

"Sometimes I do sleep in the nude but, you know, with all these new kids around the house I'm usually at least in my bottoms. Mostly in my pajama bottoms, I would say."

The offices of the National Basketball Association are cheek by jowl with Madison Square Garden, which more or less gave birth to the league. The NBA reception area is neo-jazzy, with six swivel chairs affixed in a circle on a wine-red doughnut rug, under the glare of a huge multiple-exposure action photograph. Visitors who wish to browse while waiting are able to thumb through bound copies of *Basketball Weekly*.

Down the hall is Commissioner Walter Kennedy's office. In size, only Rozelle's is larger; in terms of attractiveness, Kennedy's is much the most stylish. Good taste abounds—although a Man-of-the-Year plaque, a gushy Red Smith column and a panegyric by Senator Abraham Ribicoff from the *Congressional Record* form a little nest on one wall. Otherwise, each item blends in comfortably, friendly dignity.

"In the summer of '63, just before I took over," Commissioner Kennedy says, "I visited Haskell Cohen in the NBA office in the Empire State Building. I thought he had a pretty rotten office considering he was the publicity director for the league. I saw a portrait of an elderly gentleman and asked Haskell

continued

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who that was. He said it was Maurice Podoloff's father. Maurice was still the commissioner, of course. I said, 'Haskell, why in the world is Podoloff's father's picture in your office?'

"He said, 'Walter, this isn't my office. This is the commissioner's office.' I moved the NBA out of there right away. This is the third place we've been since. We had three people when I came in and have 16 now. The job has changed just as much as the office. This is not the job I took 11 years ago. I may be the last of my breed to achieve the level of commissioner in any sport.

"In fact, in the future, I think commissioners are going to be superseded by the courts of law. In the last four years 25 to 30% of my time has been spent on litigation, while in the beginning, weeks could go by without anything like that coming up.

"I was a man for my time. I came in and wanted to be the architect of the expansion program and wanted to develop a television program, and I've done both, so I'm ready to go. I've worked too hard too long to just turn it off, and I'm still too young to retire, but I'm going to retire from this position. I gave them two years to find my successor because, historically, you know, the NBA owners can't agree the way is shifting.

"If I could tell my successor one thing it would be: don't vacillate. Vacillate and you're dead. He'd better understand, too, that it's a totally thankless job, and maybe with a young man that would be disturbing day-in and day-out. Even a dog who bines and bristles wants some patting, but it's a rare day when I get any expression from an owner saying I did a good job. I accepted this long ago: I know it's not a personal thing. I've been very pleased with the owners' treatment of me. But a guy coming into this from a more normal business will be confused.

"These men, the owners, are not used to having someone tell them no. They've all been successes in other businesses, and they think they're right. I remember one time I hung up the phone, and it dawned on me that I had just said no to Jack Kent Cooke, and maybe it had been years since anyone had said no to Jack Kent Cooke. Oh, he was outraged.

"Your owners are different now. Some of them have an odd attitude, and the minute a single one fails to honor his constitutional pledges, then you're on the brink of disaster. Well, it's happening

now, and that's not the kind of professional sports I was raised in, that I respected, the kind that led me into accepting this job. The other problems I can deal with. I'm good at persuasion, I have a listening ear, I negotiate well. But I can't deal with these new attitudes.

"I remember when the owners gave me unprecedented authority, which, incidentally, is not a lot of bull. I said, 'Gentlemen, I don't want to be God, I just want the authority to run an orderly organization.' Wayne Duddleston of Houston, who was new at the time, came up afterward and said, 'Walter, you must be God here, or we'll lose the whole thing.' There's no way you can run a league like Landis did. No way. Still, you must have the total authority."

Like the other three commissioners and the owners and many others in the sports business, Walter Kennedy is a failed jock, both jealous and admiring of the few athletes who have succeeded. Unlike the others, however, he had a very good excuse for not succeeding: infantile paralysis. It may seem almost masochistic the way he has chosen to hang around the biggest and strongest all his life. He has always had a limp. Also, alone among the commissioners, he is a short man and not at all physically prepossessing. He speaks in a raspy voice, and when he tries to supply emphasis, it too often sounds like petulance or anxiety instead.

But Kennedy is persevering and, in fact, prospered in another venue that would seem to have been no more apt for him than athletics—politics. Had the NBA offer not come along, he likely would have gone on from the mayor's office in Stamford, Conn. to try for Congress, and if that act had played out, he would have run against Lowell Weicker Jr. for the Senate in 1970. Kennedy dresses conservatively, save for the fact that he wears his belt buckle well to the side of his waist pants. This day he has on a blue button-down shirt, a blue regimental strap tie. At 61, he is very near bald.

"I only have one kidney, so I've had to learn not to push myself," he says. "I had a kidney removed 25 years ago, but I've lived a normal life. I had good training. My parents, my mother particularly, treated me in a normal way, or maybe it is fairer to say in an abnormal way, because they refused to let me be spoiled because I was handicapped. I had the polio as a baby and I was getting claw-toed.

If the operation—and it was a very rare and hazardous operation in those days—if it hadn't been successful, I wouldn't have been able to walk.

"But I never looked upon myself as having a quote, crippled leg, unquote. My right leg is smaller than my left, and my right leg from the knee down is thinner. But this is funny, it was just this morning my wife—and we've been married 34 years and we knew each other back in high school—she said, 'You know, I have to stop and think every now and then to remember which leg you have the problem with. Of course as a kid I was always the last guy picked when we played games. I was the team manager in high school, the scorekeeper and then I got a job writing sports for the *Stamford Advocate*. And from there I went to Notre Dame. Everybody knew about Notre Dame and the famous Army football game. I was a Catholic too, and all Catholics gravitated toward Notre Dame.

"I was the PR man for the NBA when it first started. Then in 1962 Walter Brown approached me about the commissioner's job but I turned him down because of my commitments to Stamford. I came home that night and told my wife, 'Marion, I've just blown the chance of a lifetime.' The next year they came back to me, and I was free to accept, so I went down to Washington to talk about it with Abe Ribicoff. The whole Connecticut congressional delegation was at his house, and Tom Dodd said, 'Don't leave politics, Walter. That's the trouble. Too many good people in politics leave to take over some damn refrigerator company.' And I said, 'This is no refrigerator company. This is the National Basketball Association, and I think I've been training for this job all my life without ever knowing it.' So I went back to New York and told them I would take the job.

"That January at my first All-Star game in Boston I met with the players' representatives at the Copley Plaza Hotel. Fred Zollner was there representing the owners. The players had been working on a pension plan for several years, but the owners had given them short shrift. But finally I had worked one out, and we signed an agreement that morning to get on with it.

"I was just delighted. Around 5 o'clock I was taking a shower, humming away. What a day! I'd accomplished

continued



Oct. 3, 1951 - Bobby Thomson is about to cross the plate after hitting the "Home Run Heard around the World" in the Giants' Dodger National League playoff series.



April 17, 1952 - Rocky Graziano bounces a left off the head of Middleweight Champ Sugar Ray Robinson in first round of title bout at Chicago Stadium.



Dec. 23, 1957 - Big Sam Huff of the N. Y. Giants blocks a field goal attempt by Baltimore Colts kicker Steve Myer in N. F. L. "Sudden Death" title game.



April 19, 1961 - Bob Cousy drives for the net, past Jerry West, as Boston Celtics face Los Angeles Lakers in N. B. A. playoffs.

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great objective. I was so pleased. My wife knocked and said that there were four or five players outside. I came out with a towel around me, dripping wet. I figured they wanted tickets. Instead, they just stood there in the hall and advised me that unless each of the owners appeared in the locker room to sign the agreement, the game was off. I was flabbergasted. I had signed the agreement for the owners. Several of the owners had left town and even had they wanted to return they could not since a blizzard was howling outside.

"When I got to the dressing room, I found a hostile group of athletes. I told them that I knew they had been kicked around by the owners over the pension, but I pleaded with them not to let the sins of the past be heaped on my shoulders. Then they asked me to leave and they voted, and they called me back and told me they were going to strike. Oh, what that meant. We had no national TV at that time, and I had created an independent network for this one game. This was our showcase.

"Now I almost had tears in my eyes. This was a new job, I wanted to do well. I thought I had and now it was going up in flames. Rather than talk anymore—I had probably overtalked. I just told them that my integrity was at stake, and I pleaded with them once more to trust me until I gave them reason to do otherwise. They sent me out and voted again and decided they would play.

"There has never been anything like that since then. Still, I'm sick of living out of suitcases and running after planes. I'm tired of always having to be somewhere at a given time. We'll keep our home in Stamford. Our daughter still lives with us, but even if it's too big for us, we love our home. It's in a neighborhood where we were both brought up. I just don't think we're condominium people.

"I vacation at home. The grandchildren come over, and I love to swim. We have a swimming pool, 40 by 22. And I'll read almost anything. I guess I like mysteries the most, but we belong to the Book of the Month Club, and we'll get 15 to 20 a year. I love to watch television, too. And I'm easily satisfied by whatever's on, to the complete exasperation of my wife.

"I go to a lot of games, to baseball and football. I told you, I'm a great sports fan. I also collect these Hummel figures, those little German figurines. I've got

quite a collection. I don't drink much because of the kidney, but I love a daiquiri or two on occasion, and my wife and I have picked out our favorite spots for those.

"I've always been an early-to-bedder—11/11/30. I sleep in pajamas most of the year, but in the summer, when it's hot, then I sleep in the nude."

The offices of what is known as Organized Baseball take up the 16th floor of the Warner Building in Rockefeller Center, a site almost equidistant from NBC, CBS, the Rockettes and St. Patrick's Cathedral. Baseball is supposed to be as American as apple pie and all that, and its reception area appears to have been designed by someone who originally had the contract on the Bicentennial, back when we still had a Bicentennial. The entrance hall is bright white, outlined in red and blue, with green theater seats and a pretty black receptionist. *Horizon* and *Fortune*, for some reason, are the only reading available.

High art action photographs line the corridors, including the one that leads to Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's office. Of all the commissioners' offices, his most bespeaks the sport he heads. There is a cluster of autographed baseballs on his desk, and on the shelves lining the wall opposite are other diamond mementos, including a first issue of baseball stamps, a photograph of President Nixon throwing out a first ball, books and an original Praxair strap.

As his office suggests, Kuhn is parochial in his sports outlook. The other commissioners seem to think more in terms of sports in general while Kuhn focuses on baseball. Kuhn also does not seem as much at ease as the other men, who have been at the job longer. They have learned to parry and turn small talk into a negotiable currency known as quotes. But Kuhn is still playing the lawyers' game, an entirely different one, in which responses are to the point and no additional information is volunteered.

"No, I haven't been surprised at anything," he says, monkeying with a loose screw in his eyeglasses. "But the problems have been more frequent than in the past. Why? Some of that is the luck of the draw, I guess, but some of it is because I see the commissioner as more of an activist than did my predecessors because baseball has never before faced so much competition.

Continued

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"I have several things to deal with that the other commissioners don't have. There are the minor leagues—139 teams. They have their own president, but their structure relates to this office. We have the long history of two highly competitive separate leagues, which is great for baseball but tough on the commissioner. Then we have a very strong players' union. Marvin Miller is a very able man. The fact that other sports are beginning to catch up with baseball in this regard is no consolation.

"I'm out of town 50% of the time. On the average I spend a day or two each week in Washington. Oh, I visit the FCC or talk to Congressmen and Senators about things like the threat that legalized gambling poses to team sports. It so happens that our outside law firm is in Washington, but that isn't the reason I'm down there so much. I've brought a general counsel into this office for the first time, and legal problems fall largely to me.

"From my earliest recollection I wanted to be a lawyer. It is very unusual for a young kid to want to be a lawyer, but I did. My father was in the oil business. He was an immigrant, came over from Germany as an infant. The name is pronounced "coon" in German, but I hear all sorts of things. I would have loved to have become a baseball player, but I couldn't hit or field or throw or run.

"The Red Auerbach story? Sure. Oh, I couldn't pitch either. You might want to get that in, too. Auerbach was the basketball coach. This was my second year at Theodore Roosevelt High School in Washington. He passed me in the hall. I'm 6'5", and so he asked why I wasn't out for the team, and I said that I wasn't a good basketball player. So he said, 'Let me be the judge of that.' So I came out, and after a few days he said, 'You were right,' and cut me."

Kuhn is not only a big man but of impressive demeanor. He looks like a commissioner. He dresses well, without affectation, dark blue suit and striped shirt, with an old-gold tie and a tie clip. He changed his glasses to the more fashionable metal-rim variety after a fall, a dentist in North Carolina, wrote to Mrs. Kuhn suggesting the new model. The commissioner is blue-eyed, has thinning brown hair brushed back, with white sideburns that fluff out. He must have good ears, since a radio in his office plays music at a subliminal level.

Tall men are used to being more visible, perhaps that made Kuhn's adjustment to becoming a public figure easier. "Being commissioner is a caldron activity," he says, "but I was a trial lawyer, I was used to the public, to a courtroom, to pressure. I knew I was going to get a lot of heat, I'd be a damned fool if I'd taken the job without expecting that. But commissioners hold the most prestigious offices in sport, and we are certainly well remunerated for our services.

"I'd worked with baseball for a long time, too. See that picture, that man back there? His name is Lou Carroll. When I got out of law school in 1950, I was considering going with several firms, but I went with his because it represented the National League. Why? Because I was nuts about baseball, that's why. I got my first baseball assignment after a couple of months and thereafter did a fair amount of baseball work annually. I think you need someone involved in the game for this job. I knew how the sport worked. But more important, I knew the people. You must know the people.

"The people in baseball are more traditional. I don't mean just the owners, I mean the fans, everybody. The operators merely reflect the conservative nature of the fans, their conservative side. You can change rules drastically in football and basketball and hardly get a ripple. In baseball, change a rule and, well, you'll get a lot more than a ripple.

"The powers of the commissioner himself are very little changed from the times of Landis. The change is in the times, in the laws. Two areas are especially different. There is an outside arbitrator now to deal with players' complaints. That is a beneficial change, very healthy. But then, the present-day commissioner has more responsibilities than the Judge in matters outside the teams and the players—with broadcasting, for example.

"The Judge was superb for pre-war days, but his style wouldn't be practical now. And you must take the Judge by parts. He didn't necessarily rule all phases with dictatorial power. In matters of discipline, yes, he was an autocrat. He had no concern with fair play, with due process. But out of the area of discipline, he was in the same boat as the rest of us. There were a lot of things he wanted, like some farm-club legislation, that he had a terribly hard time getting.

"When I was offered the job—yeah, I

had been felt out earlier, not officially. Then later we were all meeting in Miami Beach, and they sent a committee to see me and said they were satisfied the votes were there—would I take the job if it were offered? I asked them to give me some time to make up my mind and thought about it for an hour or so. Well, it meant giving up the practice of law, and the fact that it was only a one-year term, not seven, that was also what you would call a negative consideration.

"The job hasn't worn me down any more than if I was a lawyer. I certainly don't think it has changed me. Well, the kids have had to get used to other kids saying, why did your dad do this or that. We've got two still at home, 13 and 14, and two are in college. I have to work my job around them. I don't take a vacation as such. I take the whole family down to Florida each spring during school vacations. And I arrange my travel schedule to be home the maximum. For instance, if I have to go to Houston, I'll go out in the morning, have a meeting in the middle of the day and be back for dinner at home. Even if I have to go to the Coast, I'll go out late the night before and come back on the red-eye special so I can have breakfast with my family.

"Then we have a home on the Long Island beach, and I try to get a lot of weekends out there. I play a little tennis, shoot some golf. Oh, I'm terrible—hundred or more. Yes, I am a rabid gardener—flowers and vegetables. We have a garden at home and a garden at the seashore, and I'm the gardener. And that's a lovely time to contemplate.

"I drive myself to work, the mornings I come in to the office. We live in New Jersey, and on a typical day I'll get up at six and work a couple hours at my desk at home first.

"I'm not much of a TV buff, but I do watch a lot of baseball on TV, and I'm especially partial to the comic old movies of the '30s—Laurel and Hardy, the Marx Brothers. And I enjoy the opera. You're quite apt to find me at the Met. Yes, I like to read. History and biography are my favorites. I don't drink anything special. Well, all right, if I have a drink before dinner, it'll be a martini, after dinner, a Scotch and soda."

Commissioner Kuhn says that it's nobody's business what his bed fashions are. Neither does history tell us what Judge Landis slept in.

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'Run, Sullivan! Run!'

Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan led 110 cops on a merry chase through Chesapeake Bay before battling for the American heavyweight title

Those who complain that the fight game has grown dull and predictable might well consider making the sport illegal once again. For before boxing gained official recognition and eventually degenerated into a fuzzy dream sequence of Friday nights at tubside, there was always the delicious possibility that the preflight cat-and-mouse game between entrepreneur and police captain would be more entertaining than the fight itself.

Take as an example America's heavyweight championship battle of Feb. 7, 1849. The combatants on that day were Tom Hyer, who was generally recognized as champ after having beaten Country McClusky at Caldwell's Landing on the Hudson eight years before, and Yankee Sullivan, who weighed in at only 155 but was undefeated after a tour that had taken him halfway around the world. But the battle between the fight promoters and the police was much more exciting.

The ballyhoo started months before, when Sullivan, infuriated by the suggestion that he was afraid of Hyer, stormed into a New York saloon one night and challenged the champion then and there. Hyer responded by pounding Sullivan into submission within three minutes, an act of commercial naivete which could have ruined the real fight but somehow did not. It helped, of course, when a boxing cohort of Hyer's was murdered. And the police promptly lost Round One of the three-way contest by being unable to locate the killer.

Having bested the New York authorities on this count, the fight promoters decided to cash in their chips by holding the battle in Maryland where a deserted piece of real estate named Pool's (now Poole's) Island offered a sanctuary in the middle of Chesapeake Bay. Maryland officials responded with the warning that the "disgusting exhibition" would be prevented. To back up their words they activated two companies of officers, the Independent Blues and Independent

Greys, armed them and chartered the steamer *Boston* as the state's assault craft.

Stimulated rather than deterred by the police activity, fight fans, gamblers and other amateur and professional patrons of the art began pouring into Baltimore during the week before the fight. On Feb. 6 Hyer arrived at Carroll's Island, just south of the city, while the Sullivan group settled into one of the two buildings on Pool's Island. A crew of workmen began clearing an area within which the fight would take place. Simultaneously the steamship *Cumberland* left Philadelphia with about 100 fans, and two schooners carrying 40 fans each left Baltimore.

Just before midnight—the *Boston*, loaded with about 110 officers and towing a scow for the transporting of prisoners, pulled out of Baltimore harbor. Two hours later the expedition arrived at Carroll's Island and the men eagerly swarmed ashore to see who could be the first to lay official hands on Hyer.

To their dismay Carroll's Island was deserted. Forewarned, the Hyer party had left for Pool's Island at 6 p.m. Even more annoying was the fact that the scow had swamped and several boats which had been placed on board her were adrift about a mile astern. Another hour was lost recovering the boats.

In the meantime, Hyer and his friends had arrived at Pool's Island and gone to sleep in the second building. A careful watch was maintained to prevent their being surrounded, for the police outnumbered the fighters' parties by 10 to one.

Weather and police incompetence improved the odds considerably. By the time Captain Gifford's men arrived at Pool's Island the scow was barely afloat and the bay was so rough that only 10 men were able to reach land after struggling at the oars of the small boats for half an hour. Tired and discouraged, the landing force trundled up to the buildings with a maximum of noise and assaulted frontally.

Neither Hyer's party was even re-

motely surprised. At the first sound of tramping feet Hyer had crept downstairs and hidden himself on the first floor of the building. When the police charged into the house, they went right by him and upstairs to the bedroom where Hyer's trainer, George Thompson, was sleeping. Assuming him to be the champion, they placed him under arrest while Hyer slipped out a ground-floor window and into a small boat.

The operation against Yankee Sullivan was even more inept. Barging into the second building, the police found themselves facing Sullivan and Tom O'Donnell, his sparring partner, without the faintest idea who was who. After a moment of shock, Sullivan suddenly put his hand on O'Donnell's shoulder, shoved and yelled, "Run, Sullivan! Run like hell!"

O'Donnell ran and, incredibly, every last one of the police officers took off in hot pursuit. Sullivan calmly strolled out of the building and waded to a nearby schooner.

It was not until an hour later that the police discovered they had made a couple of significant errors. In the meantime the two schooners and the steamer *Cumberland* had scattered. The question was on which vessel were the real pugilists? Predictably, the police decided they must be on the *Cumberland* and headed south after her. Under a heavy press of steam, they overhauled her near Baltimore, brought her to and thoroughly searched the ship for the fighters. Of course they were not aboard. Reboarded the *Boston*, Captain Gifford sailed back in the direction of the schooners, but just as the *Boston* reached a point nearly abreast of the Pool's Island lighthouse, it ran aground on a sandbar. And there it remained until evening when another police boat was sent to the rescue.

One Baltimore newspaper tried to salvage a modicum of state pride from the announcement that the fight was to be transferred to Dover, Del. "Maryland," it wrote, had "prevented her soil from being desecrated by so foul and brutal an exhibition." But it hadn't.

Pulling ashore at Maryland's Kent County on the eastern side of the bay, the fighters performed before a meager audience. Hyer won in the 16th round, earning a \$10,000 purse; Sullivan suffered a "slightly fractured skull." By all accounts, it was an anticlimax.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST

"If you can't handle it, stay out of the kitchen," was New York Manager Bill Virdon's word on the pennant scramble. The Yankees indicated they wanted to be in it, starting off the week by defeating Detroit 10-2 and building their lead over Baltimore to 2½ games. But then the Dinos put the Yankees in a stew as Jim Palmer beat them 4-0, Mike Cuellar won his 20th victory, 10-4, and Dave McNally shut them out 7-0, using just 88 pitches for his eighth win as his last 10 decisions. Baltimore led by half a game. Said Manager Earl Weaver, "We all know Boston had it won. Let's see how we do now that we're on top." Virdon warned, "A good team bounces back."

Moving on to Fenway, Baltimore held off Boston 2-1 as Ross Grimsley won for the 18th time. Meanwhile the Yankees proved to be as resilient as Virdon had hoped by taking a doubleheader from the Indians—5-4 on Bobby Murcer's RBI in the ninth and 3-0 behind Larry Gura's six-hitter. That left the Orioles and Yankees deadlocked and prompted Virdon to say, "Today we start all over."

The next day Cleveland built a 7-2 lead against New York, but the Yankees rebounded with a 19-hit, 14-7 win in which Roy White stole home and drove in five runs and Murcer at long last slugged his first homer in Shea Stadium. Up in Boston the Dinos engaged in one of the most implausible tussles of the season, one that lasted six hours, 36 minutes because of rain delays totaling 3½ hours. Baltimore led 5-1, only to have Boston tie in the ninth (three of the runs came on Dwight Evans' homer) and then win in the 10th on a single by Deron Johnson. When the kitchen had cleared, the Yankees were one game ahead of the Dinos and four in front of the Red Sox.

Boston's hopes were diminished by the loss of Rico Petrocelli for the rest of the season because of inner-ear damage from a beating. But the Sox were heartened by the hitting of outfielder Fred Lynn, who came up from their Pawtucket, R.I. farm club and last week hit .550 and drove in eight runs.

"I'm the first and only pitcher who has won 20 games wet and dry dry," said Cleveland's Gaylord Perry. The reformed upstart-er got No. 20 for 1974 over the Dinos 1-0.

Milwaukee, 3-2, moved to within half a game of fourth-place Cleveland as newcomers provided punch. Gorman Thomas drove across four runs in a 9-5 trouncing of Boston and Sisto Lezcano homered twice.

Newsmakers for Detroit, 3-3, were the oldest Tiger, Al Kaline, and one of the newest, Pitcher Vernon Riffe. Kaline had seven hits,

leaving him just two short of his goal of 3,000. Riffe, with relief help from John Hiller, beat Boston 3-1.

NY 63-70 BAL 52-71 BOS 76-73
CLEV 72-78 MIL 72-79 DET 70-82

AL WEST

Having defeated the A's five straight times in two weeks, the Rangers eagerly awaited their final confrontation with the world champions. After all, they had 19-game winner Jim Bibby going against five-game winner Glenn Abbott, and a Texas win would shuck Oakland's lead to three. Ah, well, Bibby was shelved, Rolfe Fingers came to Abbott's rescue and the A's won 4-1.

Both teams had their troubles thereafter, but the A's did stop the Royals 5-4 for Ken Hokenama's 19th win and the White Sox 3-2 for Catfish Hunter's 24th win. Texas' solace was limited to Steve Hargan's 2-0 conquest of California.

Minnesota, which spent much of the season trying to stay out of the cellar, seeped to within 1½ games of second place. Since Aug. 28 the Twins, 5-1, have won 16 games and lost six. Complete games were a rarity for the Twins early in the year, but now they got five. Vic Albury defeated the White Sox 8-0 and both Joe Decker and Bert Blyleven earned their 15th and 16th wins.

Kansas City lost its first two (making 19 defeats in 22 games) before doing a turnaround. The Royals won two of three from the A's (Steve Busby beat them 2-1 for his 20th victory) and swept a doubleheader from the Rangers as they bumped the White Sox from fourth place.

Chicago, 2-3, won only when it had excellent pitching. Bert Johnson and Terry Foster stopped the A's 2-0, and Jim Kaat, who was 4-6 at one point, squelched the Twins 3-1 to reach 18-13. Nolan Ryan of California dined Chicago 6-2 for his 20th win.

OKA 66-67 TEX 60-72 MINN 74-74
KC 78-78 CME 74-78 CAL 61-82

NL WEST

"I guess they think we're dead," quipped Pete Rose when the Reds arrived at their San Diego hotel and spotted a sign welcoming a convention of casket makers. But Manager Sparky Anderson did not seem to be joking when he said, "The Dodgers have it won." Los Angeles got two victories each from Don Sutton and Andy Messersmith. It was Sutton who began the week with a 7-1 win over Cincinnati with the help of a grand-slam home run by Jimmy Wynn. Although the Dodgers lost three other games, the Reds were 2-5 and fell 3½ games back.

Playing the role of spoilers were San Francisco and San Diego. The Giants shocked the Reds twice—4-3 when Gary Thomason drove in the go-ahead run in the eighth and 8-6 when Ed Gooden homered in the 10th. The Padres also zapped the Reds twice and knocked off the Dodgers once. Bill Greif beat the Reds 6-1 and the next day Enzo Hernandez, who had never had more than two RBIs in any game, drove in four runs as the Padres won 6-5. And Dan Spillner held off the Dodgers 4-3 with a five-hitter.

The smallest crowd in San Francisco history—748 for a game with the Braves—underscored the fact that the Giants will draw barely 500,000 for the year. In San Diego, however, the team went over 1 million in attendance for the first time.

Atlanta's Phil Niekro lowered his ERA to 2.52 and improved his record to 18-12 by stopping San Diego 3-1 and Houston 1-0, driving in the winning runs in both contests. Houston took two of three from Los Angeles, 7-0 behind Tom Griffin and 3-2 in 10 innings on a pinch double by Bob Watson.

LA 65-67 CIN 92-81 ATL 84-86
HOUS 77-78 SF 70-84 SO 56-86

NL EAST

White St. Louis and Pittsburgh continued their struggle for first place (page 26), the rest of the Eastern teams tried to salvage what they could from the waning season. Philadelphia lost four of five but ended a six-game losing streak by drubbing Montreal 10-2 as Steve Carlton picked up his first win in almost seven weeks.

Montreal, 4-2, had a club mark by extending its victory streak to eight games before losing. The Expos played three consecutive 3-2 games against the Mets, winning two of them, and closed out their series with a 4-0 win. Dale Murray pitched 6½ innings of scoreless relief to save three games.

New York had just two homers, but both were instrumental in wins. Rusty Staub's drive plus relief work by Tug McGraw enabled rookie Randy Stirling to defeat the Expos 3-2. Wayne Garrett's three-run poke helped Jerry Koosman down the Pirates 4-2.

The Cubs had more fun than they have had all year, winning four in a row and five of six. They scored twice in the ninth to beat the Mets 5-4, took three straight from the Phillies and frolicked past the Cardinals 19-4. Young players did some robust hitting. Ron Dunn had three doubles in one game, Steve Swisher a grand slam in another.

ST-L 86-71 PIT 67-71 PHIL 74-87
MON 71-79 NY 66-83 CHI 84-77

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10TH HOLE *continued*

Sir:

Although I do not always agree with your viewpoints, I have enjoyed reading your magazine for the past few years. In my opinion, however, your publication lost some stature by allocating so much space to the coverage of the insane activities surrounding Evel Knievel. Such mania belongs on the pages of psychological journals and sensationalistic weeklies. Please don't confuse sports with psychopathy.

GREG KUZMA

New York City

PICKS AND PICKERS

Sir:

Well, Tex Maule has done it again (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Sept. 16). He just won't break down and choose Miami as the Super Bowl winner. Maybe this is a good sign, though, because the last couple of years Maule hasn't picked the Dolphins to win the Super Bowl and they are two-time world champions—going on three.

KATHY VILLHARD
WANDA HARDY

Daytona Beach

Sir:

When will Tex Maule come to admit that the American Conference now has complete superiority in the NFL, with better players, better coaches and better front-office personnel than the "more established" National Conference teams? May George Foreman use him as a sparring partner on his new boxing assignment.

TOM BURK

Brookfield, Ill.

Sir:

I'll miss ol' Tex Maule on the pro football beat. Without him and Nixon to kick around anymore, life might be dull. At least Tex left Miami a parting gift; he picked the Dolphins to lose.

BRIAN EIDERTZEN

North Miami

Sir:

Dan Jenkins picked the Baltimore Colts as one of the dullest teams of the season. All I can say about that is don't let Joe Thomas find out.

Jenkins makes predictions that say much about his personality. If he keeps writing like this, I predict that Dan will end up as the Best Water Boy.

JOHN NUGELING JR.

Baltimore

Sir:

The pro football articles were tremendous. You underestimated the Bills but, nevertheless, good work.

Die question. After his story on the coaches (Ever See So Many Gamers?, Sept. 16),

for the sake of equal time will there be 26 viewpoints on Dan Jenkins?

AL REID

Wickliffe, Ohio

Sir:

I think your Sept. 16 issue featuring pro football was the best issue of SI I have ever received.

PETE THOMPSON

Alexandria, Va.

PAY FOR PLAY

Sir:

In SCORECARD of your Sept. 16 issue you report that Charlie Schuhmann of UCLA says, "Within five years there will be some form of protest among college football players unless we get more money to live on." He goes on to say, "It's not so bad during the regular football season when we have a training table. But there is no training table during spring drills..." etc.

This attitude baffles me. Back in the "olden days" (I played under Bob Zuppke at Illinois in 1932-34) there was no training table, no grant-in-aid, no athletic scholarship. Most of us got a "meal job" at a fraternity, sorority or dormitory, plus whatever else was available, to earn a buck. I drove a cab, among other things.

We played football because we loved football, and we played both ways, too—defense and offense. Today these young men and their coaches seem to want it all on a silver platter. Lord knows, this country does not need or want another Depression, but if it happens, goodbye pay for play and goofing off by the likes of Charlie Schuhmann.

BARTON A. CUMMINGS

New York City

SMALL BEEPS

Sir:

I enjoyed your excellent coverage of College Football 1974 (Sept. 9) except there was no mention of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas among the NCAA Division II schools named. I would think Mike Thomas, last year's leading ground gainer in all football (1,741 yards in 11 games) would get a mention. Former Dallas Cowboy scout Ron Meyer, coach of the Rebels, has assembled a team that will merit SI's coverage at some time or other.

RON MEYER
Vice-President/General Manager
Radio Station K-LAV

Las Vegas

Sir:

Your magazine is a very highly respected publication. However, a great deal of that respect is lost when you fail to mention the name of the AP and UPI small-college champion. In case you don't remember, Tennessee State University (held a football team

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

last year and it went undefeated and produced the No. 1 pro football draft pick, Ed Jones of Dallas.

DAVID HILL

Ridgeland, S.C.

Sir:

I find it amazing that you repeatedly mention Louisiana Tech as having beaten some of your small-college favorites for this season but fail to give Tech a chance this year.

GENE HASTINGS

Ruston, La.

QUEEN OF SOFTBALL

Sir:

Thank you for your article on the Women's World Softball Tournament (*The Early Bird Squared*, Aug. 26). I first saw the Raybestos Brakettes of Stratford, Conn. in the summer of 1973 when they came up to Agincourt, Ontario. I was so impressed with the Brakettes and the queen of softball, Joan Joyce, that I made plans to attend the 1974 women's fast pitch tournament that was to be held in Orlando, Fla. Just two weeks after they had taken the world title from the Japanese, Joan and her teammates had to do it all again. They were upset in their third game 2-1 by Indianapolis, which knocked Stratford into the loser's bracket. In order to come back for the championship, the Brakettes had to win seven straight games—and they did it. During the last two nights of the tournament Joan pitched 45 innings while shutting out her opponents to capture a record fourth straight national championship. Not only is she a proficient softball pitcher, she is excellent in basketball, golf and bowling. Therefore, I am sending in my nomination now for Joan Joyce as Sports-woman of the Year.

KEN SISLER

Newmarket, Ontario

TURTLE TUNNEL

Sir:

Your SCORECARD item about the turtle trap (Aug. 26) interested me very much. On a recent visit to England I rode on a freeway south of London that had been built right through a badger crossing. Many of the animals were killed in the heavy traffic.

To solve the problem, the English dug a tunnel under the raised roadway and installed a culvert. Now the badgers travel on their age-old path in safety.

Perhaps Mrs. Armscote could lobby for turtle culverts and thus stay the slaughter in New Jersey.

JOHN M. COCHRANE

Secaucus

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